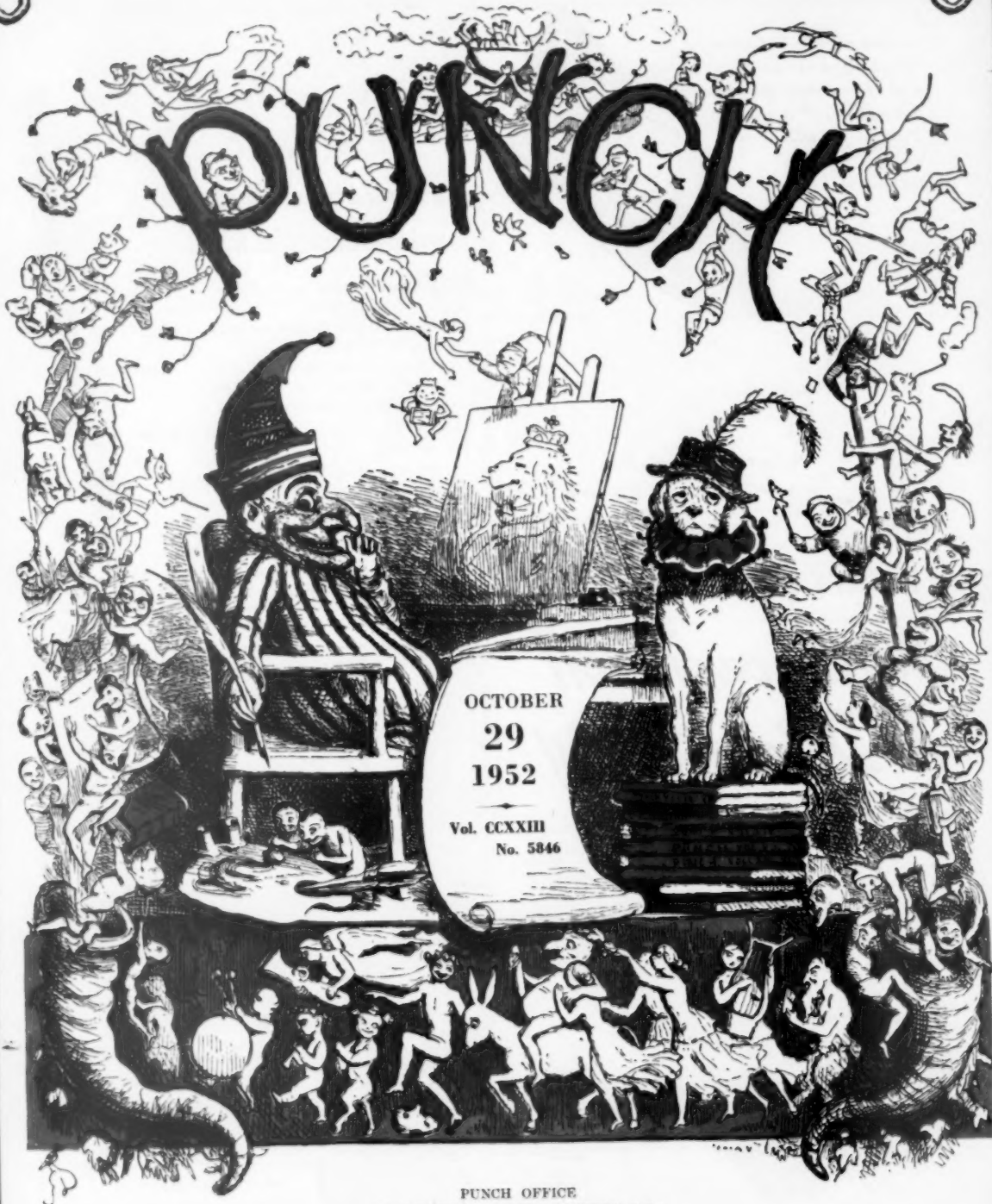


6^d

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29 1952

6^d

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

*A sauce piquante in footwear.
Slimly elegant but with
a wider tread cunningly streamlined
to the lithe grace of youth.
Flexible? yes, and
smart as
the smartest.*



*Just as
"Comfable" as
its name*



Liberty "Comfables"
in smooth brown, red, green and
sherry leathers
59/11

LIBERTY SHOES LTD., Leicester

*Nothing can TOUCH
M&D Cream Crackers!*

**SEE what
you BUY!**



**BUY
them
and
SEE!**

Made by MEREDITH & DREW LTD., LONDON

CVS-82C

The pen with a Purpose

** Swan Calligraph
is designed to enable everybody
to write a beautiful hand*



The special 14 ct. gold nib is made to the requirements of eminent calligraphers and every nib is hand wrought and ground by expert craftsmen.

Ask your dealer to let you test a 'Calligraph'. Three styles of nib available—broad, medium and fine.

Cases in a variety of attractive colours.

PRICE 4/-

Swan Calligraph

FOR BEAUTIFUL WRITING



*'A bright and healthy home
in every tin'*

Floors and furniture throughout Britain bear testimony to MANSION'S unvarying quality, the lasting beauty that it creates and the pleasant and hygienic atmosphere it promotes.

MANSION is so easy and economical

For Dark Floors use **DARK MANSION**

**MANSION
POLISH**

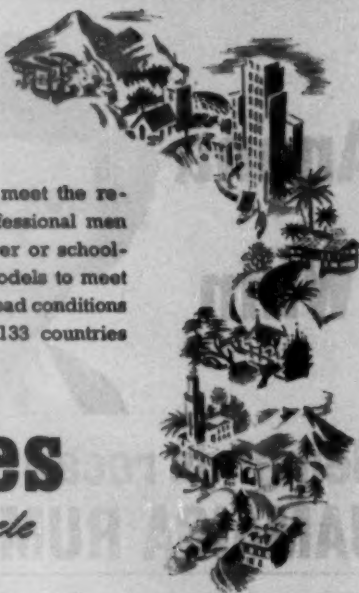


For the roads of Britain and 133 other Countries

30 individually different models to meet the requirements of the Doctors and professional men of our own country, the lady-shopper or school-boy or girl . . . and 30 additional models to meet the curiously different climatic and road conditions (which Hercules have studied) of 133 countries overseas!

Hercules

*The Finest Bicycle
Built To-day*



THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO. LTD., ASTON, BIRMINGHAM 6

M190



WOLSELEY

herald a new era in car values, with this exciting model



THE NEW WOLSELEY
"FOUR FORTY-FOUR"
£840 plus P.T. £367.1.1d.

THIS lively car gives fast mileage on low fuel consumption, roomy comfort with graceful lines. It has the appearance, the amenities and the distinction of a car far in advance of its attractive price. With it, Wolseley offer an entirely new standard of value to the man of good taste and modest means. The current "Four Fifty" and "Six Eighty" models round off a most attractive Wolseley range.

BUY WISELY—BUY **WOLSELEY**

WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD

Overseas Business: Holford Experts Ltd., Oxford, and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1
London Showrooms: 12 Berkeley Street, W.1

Jamaica's and Havana's Best Cigars

MACANUDO



PUNCH



The same fine quality
Havana wrappers are used
for both brands of cigars.

Anona Winn



demands recap of new JAMAICA RUM drink

THERE'S no question—let alone Twenty Questions—about the intuition of Anona Winn. Listen to her on the wireless. Or better still, read how she went about choosing her favourite Jamaica Rum drink.

"I want a drink," she said, "as smooth as silk and as refreshing as a breeze. I want a long drink that isn't insipid—a strong drink that won't knock you over. I'll have Jamaica Pineapple!"

And so she did. "Mmmmm-mmm— that's a Winner!" said Anona Winn. She drained the glass. "We must have that one again!"

These six stars choose these six-star easy-to-mix **JAMAICA RUM** party drinks



TED RAY *Jamaica Quencher* Two-thirds Jamaica Rum, one-third Lime Juice, top up with Cola, serve with slice lemon.

Jamaica Mosa Strong black coffee, cold (iced if possible) lightly sweetened with brown sugar. Add one-eighth Jamaica Rum, stir well, serve in a long glass.



JACK TRAIN *Jamaica Sprucer* Three-quarters Jamaica Rum, one-quarter Italian Vermouth, dash lime juice, dash angostura bitters.



Jamaica Pineapple Three-eighths Jamaica Rum, five-eighths Pineapple Juice, ice if you can get it. Top up with soda water.

GILBERT HARDING *Jamaica Lime* One measure of Jamaica Rum and one measure of lime juice cordial in a tall glass. Top up with soda, sink in a cube of ice and drink through a straw.



Jamaica Bittersweet One measure Jamaica Rum, half-measure Ginger Wine, dash angostura bitters.

JOY SHELTON



GRACE FIELDS



ANONA WINN



It's wonderful what **JAMAICA RUM** will do!

Wetherdair Olympix

THE IMPECCABLE WEATHERCOAT

It is cut full throughout. The collar sets naturally in position without pulling and tugging. Sleeves allow the arms to be raised without the coat riding up. Handsome lines. A man's coat, particularly the man who likes his comfort. Price about £15.15.0.



WET WETHER WETHERDAIR

There are also Wetherdair Weather Coats from £4.19.6.

Fashion Weather Coats in popular colours for ladies.

Also School Coats for kiddies.

WETHERDAIR LTD

BRADFORD AND LONDON

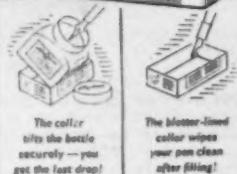
In the NEW bottle with

'TILT-WIPE' COLLAR



Stephens
MICRO-FILTERED
RADIANT
FOUNTAIN PEN INK

No other ink is as good for your fountain pen. Micro-filtered, to make clogging impossible—clean and smooth flowing—brilliantly legible—and now sold in the new bottle with Tilt-Wipe collar that lets you use the last drop when you get to the last 'fill' and is lined with blotting paper for wiping your pen after filling.



The collar tilts the bottle securely—you get the last drop!

The blotter-lined collar wipes your pen clean after filling!

IN 4 RADIANT COLOURS
Blue-Black (Permanent)
Radiant Blue (Washable), Scarlet
and Green

2½oz. bottle 1/2

from all Stationers and Stores

TW.1

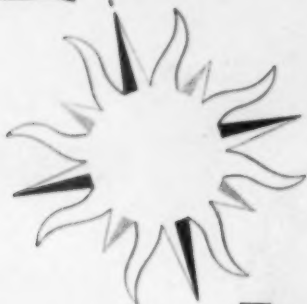


We warn you the first part of this advertisement is heavy going into detail about research into changes of electrical potential in optic nerves when stimulated by light reading an enquiry from a learned doctor of ophthalmology for some very fine stainless steel tubes Accles & Pollock dashed out of the office only to return fully armed with a brand new electric torch a treatise on micro electrodes a notebook and a couple of Angora rabbits with a determined gleam in their eyes they immediately raised a multiplicity of darling little problems behind closed doors in the directors' office the experts threw a light on many subjects finally sending for the doctor exactly the tube he wanted just in time for lunch next day we had chicken on cassavole garnished with dandelion leaves everybody was more than satisfied when the litter was cleared away including the directors





Follow the sterling sun



fly **BEA**

South

Here in these Mediterranean places there's no limit to the time or money you can spend under the sun. Fly there BEA. Information and bookings from your Travel Agent or BEA, Dorland Hall, 14-20 Regent Street, London, S.W.1. Tel: GERard 9833

to Gibraltar £66.9.0
to Cyprus ... £115.0.0*
to Malta ... £60.0.0*
to Libya ... £77.8.0

(Return fares from London)

*Valid 23 days

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS



This is the **Gin**

for every occasion
and every taste



SPECIAL DRY GIN

The gin of incomparable quality—the heart of a good cocktail. Bottle 33/9d. $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle 17/7d. $\frac{1}{4}$ bottle 9/2d. Miniature 3/7d. U.K. only.

ORANGE GIN AND LEMON GIN

Delicious on its own, with tonic water or a splash of soda. Bottle 32/-. $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle 16/9d. Miniature 3/5d. U.K. only.

'SHAKER' COCKTAILS

'There's no comparison'—seven appetising varieties mixed by experts and ready to serve from shaker bottles. Bottle 21/-. $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle 11/3d. Miniature 2/5d. U.K. only.

Gordon's
Stands Supreme



the new, stronger shirt

'TRUVISCA'—

the shirt that's tailored by Luvisca Limited. 'Truvisca' shirts are comfortable, amply cut in either coat or tunic style — and above all, hard-wearing. 'Truvisca' shirts are made of a new Courtaulds' fabric — a blend of first-quality Egyptian cotton and high-tenacity rayon that's as strong as it's handsome.

AND 'LUVEXE' COLLARS—

they're semi-stiff — perfect appearance, perfect comfort.

AND, OF COURSE—'LUVISCA' PYJAMAS

Old friends, these, and still the best pyjamas ever made — smooth, soft, roomy and plenty of patterns to choose from, including plain colours. We needn't tell you how well they wash and wear.

Luvisca Limited OLD VICARAGE ROAD, EXETER.



GRIP-EEZI TOP

Paramount short and long socks have the GRIP-EEZI "honeycomb" elastic weave at the top, giving gentle clinging support without pressure on the leg.

The nylon splicing above the shoe-heel protects the point where the shoe rubs, so giving long wear. There is also a nylon splice at the toe. You will like these socks, made of pure wool, in plain and ingrain shades.

- THE LONG SOCK with GRIP-EEZI top
- THE MEDIUM SOCK without elastic
- THE SHORT SOCK with GRIP-EEZI top

THREE
LENGTHS
FOR YOUR
CHOICE



Paramount PRODUCTION **GRIP-EEZI** REGD.
socks for men

from good stockists



*nulli secundus and
hats off to no one*

Enough of this modesty, this cult of the understatement, this hiding of our lights under bushels, this unwillingness to come right out with it and say that we are good. So here goes. We are good. And the reason for this unwonted effusion of self-pride? We have produced a thoroughly good portable typewriter, cleanly made, precise in working, strong yet light enough for you to run for a train while carrying it. It's called the Good Companion and it's a peach of a machine. But it's not simply the goodness of the machine itself that makes us so proud; it's the fact that we can produce such an unreasonably good portable typewriter for such a reasonable price.



Prices from £22. 10. 0

● **Imperial**

IMPERIAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY LIMITED • LEICESTER CB2 6

ALL JOIN IN THE FUN AT THE FACTORY FOLLIES

No PRIZES for spotting the cause of this monkey business! Haphazard, out-of-date materials handling is behind the muddle that cuts output and piles up costs in so many factories. Planned handling methods save all along the line. An inexpensive layout of overhead runways and electric lifting blocks can transform production.



Work flows to where it is wanted; work space expands; fatigue lessens; output climbs; costs drop. Look into this—it will pay you!

THIS PROBLEM WAS DIFFERENT For years women machinists had struggled with heavy bales of cloth in a London factory. Then a My-Te-Min took over. Result—quicker, safer, cheaper lifting. This latest electric Pulley Block works like a trojan for the cost of a little electric current. Various models handle from 400 to 3,600 lbs. Prices from £69. Hook or trolley suspension. Every factory has a job for a My-Te-Min; what's yours?

Other King blocks lift up to 10 tons.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLETS



CONVEYORS
CRANES
PULLEY BLOCKS

Our representative will call on you—anywhere in the world.

W. KING LTD., 15 WORKS, HITCHIN, HERTS. TEL: HITCHIN 960. AND AT STEVEDOR.



How much horse power in a raincloud?

There is more energy in a raincloud than in an atomic bomb—and one day we may know how to tap it: there is inexhaustible power in the tides, and people have envisaged a time when we may use so much of it as to alter the orbit of the moon. . . . Perhaps the windmill will stage a comeback, lifted on an aluminium tower to a height of a thousand feet or more. And what of solar radiation? . . . Or will cheap power from atomic fuels outdistance all the rest? Who knows? . . . But one thing is certain—whether the power station of tomorrow be a forest of steel masts or an atomic reactor buried in a concrete hill, it will owe something to TI. Not in components alone but in the practical devices that take shape when TI specialists are called in.

TI'S 51 FACTORIES SERVE THE WORLD*

* Precision tubes — tubular components — wrought aluminium — bicycles — electrical equipment and appliances — high pressure cylinders — mechanical handling — metal sections — bus body sections — gland packings — tubular furniture — paints — road signs.

TYRE INVESTMENTS LTD., THE ADELPHI, LONDON, W.C.2 (TRAFALGAR 3651)

*His problems never
left him...*



*now he leaves them
to Lorival*



What you can leave to Lorival: the estimation, design and production of plastic mouldings, including injection mouldings, ebonite and composition materials. The extrusion of ebonite, pliable and rigid plastic tubes, rods and sections, calendered sheet in plain or embossed finishes—and any plastic problem that's bothering you!



LORIVAL PLASTICS

UNITED EBONITE & LORIVAL LTD. • LITTLE LEVER • NR. BOLTON • LANC.

TP 291

*Motoring's
safest number*

Maybe there are motorists who are willing to risk frost damage to their cars this winter; willing to pay out £30 for repairs to a cracked cylinder block; willing to have their cars out of commission for six or seven weeks. But you will not be one of them because, for the price of a few pints of Bluecol, you can keep your car safe—*doubly safe*—right through the winter.

Bluecol is the *doubly safe* anti-freeze because it not only protects your cooling system against 35 degrees of frost; it also contains T.P. 291, Smiths special Triethanolamine Phosphate inhibitor. T.P. 291 is an additional ingredient in Bluecol that prevents your radiator and engine water jacket from being damaged by rusting and similar chemical action. It's the T.P. 291 in Bluecol that makes it the *doubly safe* anti-freeze. Be on the *doubly safe* side this winter. Ask your Garage for Bluecol.

BLUECOL

THE DOUBLY SAFE ANTI-FREEZE

one of **SMITHS** accessories for better motoring

One

in a million

The claim to fame of this presswork part is not that it casts curious shadows! The thing that counts is that though just one of millions of components produced by Terry's each year, it is dead accurate to specification in every single detail. Terry's, with their ninety odd years' experience, are always ready to advise on springs and presswork.

TERRY'S

FOR SPRINGS AND PRESSWORK

ROBERT TERRY AND SONS LIMITED · EDDITCH · ENGLAND

Q 23

THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN now carries news on the front page

FROM NOW ON, there will be news on the front page of the Manchester Guardian. And it will be *news*—not hysterical headlines.

You may wonder why the Manchester Guardian is changing thus; or, perhaps, why it did not happen before. The reason for the change is that the Manchester Guardian is more and more becoming a national newspaper. Less than a third of its readers now live in Greater Manchester. And so a front page consisting of classified advertisements of local interest will no longer do.

Let us assure those who abhor change that the character and 'flavour' of the Manchester Guardian will not in any way alter. The Manchester Guardian will remain as witty and as wise as ever.

Those who are not familiar with the Manchester Guardian should get to know it. It is one of the few great newspapers which it is a real pleasure to read.

If you have any difficulty in getting your Manchester Guardian regularly, please write to: The Manchester Guardian, Manchester.

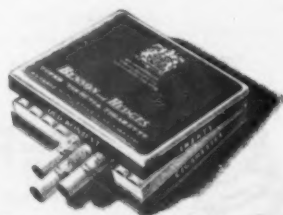


"You asked for Benson & Hedges cigarettes, Sir"

Benson & Hedges Ltd. are proud to announce that their Super Virginia cigarettes are available on the world's most famous airways, including all routes served by the following:—

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS,
BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS
CORPORATION,
SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM,
QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS - AIR
CEYLON - EL-AL ISRAEL AIRLINES,
AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL AIRWAYS
TRANS-AUSTRALIAN AIRLINES
BRITISH WEST INDIAN AIRWAYS
SABENA - MALAYAN AIRWAYS,
CENTRAL AFRICAN AIRWAYS
AER LINGUS - CYPRUS AIRWAYS

Fitting accompaniment to smoothly luxurious travel,
BENSON and HEDGES Super Virginia cigarettes
are made from the finest of fine tobaccos with
unhurried, untiring care for all those occasions
when only the best will do.



BY APPOINTMENT
TOBACCONISTS TO
THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

When only the best will do

BENSON & HEDGES LTD. • OLD BOND STREET • LONDON • W.

120/124

Cambridgeshire
Stakes

What are they talking about?

No, they're not talking about the "second leg of the autumn double." They're talking about Burrough's Gin—because it is triple distilled. This means it undergoes three separate distillations, ensuring the highest quality and absolute purity. It takes a little longer than other methods. But it is effort well spent. For today, Burrough's Beefeater Gin, as always, is soft, smooth and wonderfully clean to the palate. Remember, it's triple distilled. Price 33/9 per bottle; 17/7 per half bottle.



ENJOYED SINCE 1820
BURROUGH'S *Gin*
BEEFEATER
IT IS TRIPLE DISTILLED!

JAMES BURROUGH LTD., 75 CABLE DISTILLERY, RUTTON ROAD, S.E. 11

This is the answer
for permanent
Interior Wall
Decoration

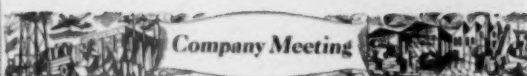


Friesalux
GLAZED CEMENT PANELS

Impervious to moisture, unaffected by temperature, almost everlasting; the ideal wall-surfacing for offices, shops, stairways, domestic offices, etc. Friesalux is available in black, white, and 6 pastel shades on fireproof 'Eternit' building board sheets 8' 2 1/2" x 3' 11 1/4", and in bath panel sizes. Cuts easily with a wood saw, and simple to fix direct to walls or battens.

Send for illustrated brochure to:

JOHN ELLIS & SONS LTD., DEPT. P. 21, NEW WALK, LEICESTER. TEL. 56682



VITAMINS LIMITED

The Patient, the Pig and the Prescription

At the Annual Meeting held recently, Mr. H. C. H. Graves, Chairman, said that in 1951, 226,000 fewer men and 248,000 fewer women died than would have done so if death rates had still been at the 1901 rates. Whose was the credit?

Some credit was due to improved sanitation and hygiene; even more to great advances in surgical and medical methods. But with what weapons had doctors and others effected this revolution? Primarily, (a) with the newer knowledge of nutrition and (b) with the products of the pharmaceutical industry—insulin, the sulphonamides, the antibiotics, the vitamins and other wonders. Their company was proud to have played a part under both heads.

It was objected that these weapons cost money. Of course they cost money!

All agreed that the N.H.S. must be efficiently and economically administered. Their Board, faced at the latter part of 1951 with almost daily rising costs, had decided against any increases in prices of their pharmaceutical products. This had an adverse effect on trading margin, but they had gained in esteem, and justly enough in turnover!

The "newer knowledge of nutrition," achieving such remarkable results, included inevitably the role of Bemax. This world-known vitamin, mineral and protein supplement had received increasing attention in the last 20 years. Again sales had reached a new high record.

They still heard many complaints these days of a feeling of frustration or of undue fatigue or of being under par. They still heard of listless children and of infants who did not grow as rapidly as they should. The N.H.S. would treat them, and us, when we were ill, but what about when we were not ill but just below par? It was in that twilight stage, the stage of betwixt and between, that they most dramatically benefited from the steady use of Bemax. How different the frustrated and listless would be on Bemax.

Bemax with milk or fruit juice, in soup or sprinkled on cereal foods, was so delicious and added such zest to life—in all its seven ages!—that it seemed incredible that anyone who had the opportunity should fail to give it a trial, still more incredible was it that in these days anyone could be found to deny their children its benefits. Yes, 478,000 people—men, women and children—would be living at the end of 1952 who on the health standards of 1901 would have died. But would they really "live" or just exist? It largely depended on them.

The first signpost on the road to health was plain—"Begin your breakfast with Bemax."

On the agricultural side the Vitamealo products for cattle, pigs and poultry continued to grow. Once again, Vitamealo-reared pigs had won 4 of the 6 Pig Championships at Smithfield and 88 per cent. of all carcass awards.

Trading profit at £41,518 should be compared not only with the last year's record figure of £63,755, but with the previous figure of £10,870. The recession was due to the decision not to increase selling prices in 1951—a decision abundantly justified by the effects on turnover.

"Current assets £621,643" comparing with £226,065 only 3 years ago was a fair measure of their business increase. They were now in a "buyers' market" for raw materials and on their increased turnover were benefiting accordingly. They planned to meet the capital commitment of their new Crawley factory, if necessary, without recourse to the capital market; although a funding operation might later be desirable.

Their Company was now well placed and organised to take advantage of the intense activity and development begun in 1940 and which had continued unabated. There were remarkable opportunities which planned research had put in their way. Adverse national or world events apart the Directors, Management and staff of Vitamins Ltd., and of their main subsidiary Agricultural Food Products Ltd. as a united team confidently faced the future.

The Report and accounts were adopted.

* Leaflet "The Seven Ages of Man" free on application to:-

VITAMINS LTD., (Dept. C.F.30), UPPER MALL, LONDON, W.4



Sales Reached New High Record



4 Pig Championships



*"And with
your coffee,
sir...?"*

To the expert diner the answer is as clear as a well-polished glass. When a good meal ends, the special duties of Grand Marnier begin. In close alliance with a cup of black coffee, this famous liqueur induces an altogether old-fashioned sense of luxury and well-being. Made exclusively with Cognac brandy, matured for years in cellars hewn from the age-old rocks of the Charente, Grand Marnier is a tradition in itself. Uphold it—in your favourite glass.

Grand Marnier

FRANCE'S FINEST LIQUEUR



SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: L. ROSE & CO. LTD., ST. ALBANS, HERTS



fitted carpeting for your home

Close fitted Downshire Carpeting makes all the difference. It is easy to lay, easy to cut and easy to clean—needs no underfelt, sewing or binding. Downshire rubber-backed carpeting lies flat and excludes draughts. Lovely to look at and wears extremely well. In 14 attractive colours. A full range of samples will be sent to you with pleasure.

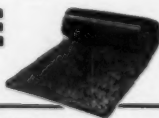
IN 14 LOVELY COLOURS

9/11 per yd. (18" wide) 14/11 per yd. (27" wide)

19/10 per yd. (36" wide) 29/6 per yd. (54" wide)

CARRIAGE FREE Send 1/- for Samples (returnable)

DOWNSHIRE
Close Carpeting



PETER SHEPHERD & CO. LIMITED Dept. 35A, Reading, Berks.



**Now for the
speeches**—it is surprising
how banality becomes brilliance,
how the conventional becomes the
epigrammatic, how the obvious
becomes the profound when you see
the speakers through the smoke rings of
Sobranie Straight Cut. There is a magic in its
flavour, a satisfaction in its fullness, and
a pleasure in its mildness which colour
the dullest of speeches and compliment
the noblest of diables and the rarest of
wines. 'Ladies and Gentlemen, you may
smoke'—and while others talk,
you can surrender happily to
your Sobranie...

SOBRANIE STRAIGHT CUT





Scene reconstructed by Roy Carnon

WHEN IT FIRST OPENED ITS DOORS, in 1894, to post-graduate students from other universities, the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge granted them a greater privilege than anyone suspected. Only three years later their brilliant leader, Professor J. J. Thomson, announced that his experiments with cathode rays had revealed "... matter in a new state ... in which the subdivision of matter is carried very much further than in the ordinary gaseous state. ..." With this discovery of the electron, as it is now known, came the dawn of the atomic age — an age which has already transformed science and industry — giving us such wonders as television and the electron microscope — and has provided a vast new source of power. How rich were the closing years of the nineteenth century in great names and great beginnings! It was also in 1894 that Albert E. Reed took over an almost derelict straw paper mill to make super-calendered newsprint and other printing papers. Acquiring and revitalising other paper mills with remarkable energy and foresight, he founded one of the world's largest paper-making organisations. And at the five mills of the Reed Paper Group — where giant modern machines produce every day hundreds of tons of newsprint, kraft, tissues and other papers — his pioneering spirit is kept alive in ceaseless technological research.

TO-DAY THE REED PAPER GROUP



Employs over
6,500 workers



Uses some
300,000 tons
of coal a year



Operates 26
paper-making
machines



Produces over
275,000 tons of
paper a year

Pioneers in modern paper technology

Reed

PAPER GROUP

ALBERT E. REED & CO. LTD

THE LONDON PAPER MILLS CO. LTD • EMPIRE PAPER MILLS LTD
THE MEDWAY CORRUGATED PAPER CO. LTD • MEDWAY PAPER BAGS LTD
BROOKGATE INDUSTRIES LTD • THE NATIONAL CORRUGATED PAPER CO. LTD
REED PLYS LTD • REED PAPER SALES LTD
POWELL LANE MANUFACTURING CO. LTD • E. B. FREEMAN & WEGGOTT LTD

Head Office: 105 Piccadilly London W.1



Pyjama, Clyde, 1950-1951

'Clydella' Comfort . . . for the Household Cavalry!

A CAVALRY CHARGE from the bedroom, mountaineering and tobogganing on the stairs . . . heroic activities like these may play havoc in the house, *but they won't hurt Clydella Pyjamas.*

There's a wonderful sense of wellbeing in wearing 'Clydella' . . . shirts, as well as pyjamas . . . soft, warm texture that nothing changes,

sure protection against chills at any time of the year—and in your style and colour.

Fathers and sons, even unbending elder brothers, respond to 'Clydella' Comfort. Mother makes sure of it for the whole family . . . from the day they're born. She knows 'Clydella' garments are the best, most lasting value the shops

can offer; and they have the *best possible* washing guarantee, **IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE.**

You will be glad you bought Clydella when the cold nights set in. Clydella pyjamas are wonderful economy—for Small Sons (sizes 22-36 ins.) from 31/6d.; for Fathers and Elder Brothers (sizes 38-44 ins. chest) at 59/6d.

There's nothing to equal
'Clydella'

IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE



MADE BY THE WORKS OF 'CLYDELLA' AND 'WASHING' GUARANTEE LIMITED, LONDON

... better buy pillows than pills

In this country, several millions of pounds a year are spent on pills to cure sleeplessness. We have an idea that people might be a good deal healthier if they bought fewer pills and slept on better pillows: but of course, we* are prejudiced . . .



* FOGARTY'S
of Boston, Linco., (makers
of Ariel and Swan pillows), who
will gladly send details of stockists and prices

Cosimax THE WORLD'S MOST LUXURIOUS HOT-WATER BOTTLE *is back!*



The "Cosimax" is the most luxurious hot water bottle made. The outside is velvet-plush, soft and always "warm" to the touch, and the inside consists of a superior rubber lining which will long outlast the life of an ordinary hot water bottle. The "Cosimax" is shaped for comfort, and the metal filler-cap is covered by a flap, which shuts like a purse with two flat press studs. Furthermore, the "Cosimax," because of its special construction, stays cosily warm all night. Give yourself "Cosimax" luxury-warmth this winter. A bedtime luxury you *deserve*. Price 27/6d. from all good stores and chemists.

Cosimax by **DUNLOP**



I just don't know what to give him!

Convalescents who are too weak to digest "light diet" can assimilate the goodness of Benger's Food without strain or discomfort because Benger's is pre-digested. Benger's is recognised by the medical profession as the perfect diet for invalids, old people and anyone whose digestion is out of order.

BENGER'S

*The only food that digests milk
before you drink it.*

Benger's Limited, Holmes Chapel, Cheshire

**already made-up
by**

Jacqmar

**Your Winter Coat
and Suit are here
for you to choose**

Jacqmar

16 Grosvenor Street W.1

There's always time for

NESCAFÉ

Hardly have father's thoughts turned yearningly to coffee, when it appears! As quickly as mother can read his thoughts, she can make the grandest coffee! Just a spoonful of Nescafé in the cup, piping hot water, and that roaster-fresh smell heralds a cup of really good coffee. At any moment, you can have the coffee you like — trust Nestlé's for that.



Nescafé is a soluble coffee product composed of coffee solids, combined and powdered with dextrins, maltose and dextrose added to protect the flavour.

7&NA

ANOTHER OF NESTLÉ'S GOOD THINGS



CHARIVARIA

AMONG the theories advanced to explain the mysterious soaplike lather now appearing on certain British rivers is one suggesting that it may be the overflow from a secret washing-up base for flying saucers.

What Is He Sounding Now?

"BEVAN DECLARES OPEN WAR"—*Daily Mail*
 "BEVAN SOUNDS THE RETREAT"—*News Chronicle*
 "BEVAN SAYS, 'WE WILL NOT ABANDON FIGHT'"
Daily Telegraph
 "BEVAN DOVE OF PEACE"—*Manchester Guardian*

The reconstitution of the All-Union Communist Party during the recent Congress in Moscow has resulted in the disappearance of the old familiar Politburo. In this country, the old familiar Harry Pollittburo will continue as before.

"BOMB TICKETS IN MINISTRY."—*Daily Mail*

Come now, let's forget the Morecambe idiom, shall we?

A newspaper radio critic describes how he recently solved the problem of choosing between two equally good programmes, one on sound and the other on television, by switching off the television sound, leaving only the pictures, and at the same time listening to the

sound-only broadcast on his other set. The B.B.C. might seriously consider integrating its sound and vision sides to a point where the listener-viewer, whenever boredom begins to creep in, can follow the radio critic's example: it should not be difficult, by way of a start, to arrange for silent pictures of a political party broadcaster to synchronize with a sound-only programme by—to choose at random—Mr. Gillie Potter.

Poetry Reading

"Dazed—just out of a dream—
 Runs a hasty vallet,
 Galleries and palace rooms
 Echo, halcyon, in mirrors,
 His anxious lackey eyelids hide
 His own image slowly tumbling
 From a back balcony
 Of life."

Diana Witherby, from a
 literary magazine

"Yes, they are knitted flat to the
 shape of the leg and sewn up
 (seamed) afterwards. That's
 why
 they cost more than circular
 knit.
 Mesh nylons can't ladder, but
 anaps
 can lead to holes, especially in
 15-denier. So treat them
 with respect."

Anonymous, from a
 stockings advertisement

The composure of the British man in the street has undergone many severe tests lately. Disturbing prophecies from Moscow, renewed rumblings in Berlin, intensified activity in Korea, the intransigence of Dr. Moussadek and the intolerance of Mr. Bevan—none of these has stirred him to passion. Nor has he had much to say about the violent news from Kenya and Malaya, or that bodeful bang in the Monte Bello islands. The election question-mark over America which casts its



T



529



shadow across the Atlantic has also left him calm; so, in the main, has the unlooked for rehabilitation of Herr Krupp, and the humiliating exclusion of Britain's representatives from the deliberations of the Pacific Defence Council. It has taken Mr. Bing on the brewers to make him fighting mad.

“ONE FARM IN FOUR HAS PIPED WATER
PROBLEM FOR T.T. COUNTY”
Headlines in The Farmers Weekly

You mean the other three are piping hooch?

A magazine is at present calling attention to its value as an advertising medium in a circular letter which says, among other things, “A major platform of our space-selling technique here is in the education of the purely vertical industrial advertiser towards the

permanent use of the horizontal approach.” They’ve got the right angle there, at any rate.

Mr. Anthony Nutting, Foreign Under-Secretary, has told the Commons that future plans for Britain’s trade with Spain will involve our taking delivery of consignments of tomatoes, citrus fruits and sherry, in exchange for which we are to export obsolescent aircraft-engines, old radio direction-finders and out-of-date radar equipment. We shall, of course, register a sharp protest if the tomatoes prove to be obsolescent, the citrus fruits old, and the sherry out-of-date.

“The occupier of a house at Woolston, Southampton, returned home last night to find nearly two hundred swallows in a bedroom. One of the swallows, which had been seen flying around outside the house, entered the bedroom through a partly opened window. The rest followed.”—*The Times*
With us, it wouldn’t have.

YOUTH WANTED

To Messrs. Plugg and Gaskett, Ltd., Motor Engineers

DEAR MR. PLUGG AND GASKETT,—I see by your advert that you re-quire a junior Clerk that is quick at figures. You say you would prefer one just left School, well I have just left School so perhaps I would do? I was 3rd in my class for Maths and Top for Algebra, but perhaps you would not re-quire any Algebra? I was fairly good at most subjects except English grammar and competition, so perhaps you will let me know? I am very interested in Motor Engineering and I am sure you would find me just right for the job.

Yours truly,
J. Hoop

To Mr. G. R. Hoop

DEAR UNCLE GOERGE,—I am writing to ask if you would do me a favour as Dad says you might. The thing is, I have been trying to get a job in a office now that I have left School and have answered twelve adverts in the paper but dont get any replies, and I think it is properly because I dont know how to write business letters. Dad says as you are a business man and better educated than the rest of the family perhaps you could help me, wich I would be gratefull if you would Uncle as I am at my wit’s end and dont want to become a lachers boy or anything like that. I hope you are well.

Your affectionate nephew,
JAMES

To Messrs. S. Baggs and Son, Coal Merchants

SIRS,—With reference to your advertisement for a junior clerk in *The Evening Bray* of to-day’s date, I beg to be considered for the post.

I am a youth of 15 years and, until recently, attended the Central Modern School, where I stood high in most subjects. I was particularly proficient in Arithmetic.

I may add that I am extremely interested in the coal distributive trade and am not without some association with it since my uncle, Mr. G. R. Hoop, is Transport Manager to Messrs. Waites and Scales, Ltd., of Shovelham.

I enclose a copy of my late headmaster’s testimonial, which will, I think, give you confidence in my suitability for the post.

I am, Sirs,
Yours respectfully,
J. HOOP

To Mr. J. Hoop

DEAR MARSTER HOOP,—It seems by yore leter you are just the sort a chap wear looking for, tho I ort to exsplane that my litle biznes is not a big concern like the one yore Uncle works for. But now that wear doing a bit more trade we cood do with sombody to look arfter the books proper. Most of all we needs sombody as can write proper biznes leters, and by the looks of yore one to me you wood do fine. Drop round emny time.

Yores truely,
SAM BAGGS



"The soup was for me."

THE FREE SAMPLE

"MAMMA," said Euphemia, "that Object you took
From the grocery box with a wondering look,
May I see it, Mamma, for myself?
Oh, now I can tell what has caused you surprise;
'Tis a packet of Brekko, reduced to a size
That a Fairy might keep on a shelf!

Has the Fairy got ours, then?" The Mother she smiled,
And the Packet she turned in the grasp of the Child:
"These words on the front will explain.
Observe, 'tis a *Sample*, a thing given *Free*,
And a thing that I never expected to see—
Just fancy, they've started again!"

An agreeable picture—the Child, as she shakes
The exiguous Carton of cereal flakes,
And Mamma, who is wholly imbued
With the kindest of thoughts for the Grocer, a friend
Who could pause 'mid the Cheese and the Sugar to send
This entirely gratuitous Food!

"Mamma," cries Euphemia, "my Feast I will share;
Dear Dolly shall sit in the Baby's high chair;
How proud she will be when she hears
That the packet she holds in her miniature hand
Is in every respect the identical Brand
We have all of us eaten for Years!"

ANDE

THE INDIVIDUAL IN THE MASS ENVIRONMENT

"Is There a New Radicalism? . . . In this talk Barbara Ward suggests some of the ways in which the new radical thinking could penetrate the large-scale planning of to-day so that the individual is not swamped and annihilated by his mass environment."—Radio Times

SOME way certainly has to be found of causing the new radical thinking to penetrate the large-scale planning of to-day, so that the individual is not swamped and annihilated by his mass environment. As one of the individuals concerned I feel strongly on this subject. My mass environment has swamped me so heartily it is welling out of my ears. What, then, is this radical thinking which I, and all of us, seek?

In the first place it must be wedge-shaped. Otherwise it will not have a chance of penetrating the large-scale planning. It must be applied, narrow end forwards, to the large-scale planning and banged in with a resounding great thwack. Then it must be held in place with a thole-pin so that it does not pop out again.

Having got the wedge-shaped radical thinking banged well into the large-scale planning and secured by a tidy thole-pin, it is time to step back and consider the next stage. We need more wedges, but there is only so much radical thinking about. It is the time, if ever there was one, for looking about helplessly. When we do this, what does our eye light on? It is an individual, swamped and annihilated by his mass environment. We have been so busy with the radical wedge that we have not yet got round to considering his needs and problems.

Is this individual we see adjusted to his mass environment? If he is, then there is nothing further to be done. He has got what he deserves. We can switch over to Country Questions and forget the whole thing.

If the individual is not adjusted he has to be adjusted. It is no easy task to adjust a swamped and annihilated individual. If we have some social surveys handy this is the time to apply them. They should be dipped in cold mutton-fat and stuffed into the annihilated individual's mouth. That will keep him quiet for a bit, if nothing else. This gives us time to turn our attention to the mass environment.

There is only one thing to be said about the mass environment: it baffles. Plenty of people have had a go at adjusting the mass environment, and they may even have succeeded in adjusting it one way or another, but it does not seem to have made much difference. What with the Industrial Revolution, compulsory education, the Defence of the Realm Acts, Town Planning and Television, the mass environment has been pushed and pulled about pretty thoroughly these past two hundred years. It remains the same old pudding mass. Better leave it alone and turn our attention back to adjusting the swamped individual. There is plenty more that can be done with him.

What he needs now is indexes, or, better still, indices. We should take a handful of assorted indices; productive indices, wage indices, cost-of-living indices;

any kind of indices, or, at a pinch, indexes, will do. They should be rammed into the swamped individual like pins, about half an inch deep. They will stimulate him, if any spark remains. Now let us have recourse to the statistics. The little tiny sharp statistics, the ones that tell him how he eats more eggs than he ever used to, can be stuck into his thick hide, like the indices. The big heavy statistics, the ones about the dollar drain and the world's waning food resources, should be picked up bodily and used to give the individual a thorough clouting and drubbing. We bash him about until we are exhausted, then we roll the heavier statistics on top of him and leave him to think it over for the time being. It is time to go back and see how the large-scale planning is getting on, with our wedge of radical thought stuck in it.

Now, this is a queer thing. The new radical thinking has entirely disappeared. Perhaps, instead of merely penetrating the large-scale planning, it has permeated it. This may not be altogether a bad thing. On the other hand, perhaps the large-scale planning contained quite a lot of the new radical thinking already? Some thinkers hold that it is not only thoroughly permeated with it but can absorb any amount more without changing in the slightest. But do not let us despair. It may be only that the new radical thinking was not new enough. If we could get some *newer* radical thinking we might succeed in penetrating, instead of permeating, the large-scale planning with it.

Or perhaps it was not radical enough? It may be that all we need is more radical radical thinking. It does not do to despair until all the avenues have been explored.

Or perhaps—it hardly does to suggest this, but the situation is desperate—perhaps the new radical thinking was not *thinking* enough?

It is about time we switched over to Country Questions.

R. P. LISTER

PROCRUSTES

PROCRUSTES was a man to dread.
He strapped his victims to a bed,
And those that were too short, 'tis said,

He stretched until they fitted it;
Nor did he fail to chop a bit
Off those that were the opposite.

He never wore a bowler hat
Or used a ball-point pen. In that
He differed from a bureaucrat.

E. V. MILNER



HALLOWE'EN

ONE JUMP BEHIND

THE tailors' windows have steadily filled up with single-breasted dinner-jackets this last fortnight. I am responsible. My double-breasted model, long yearned for, was delivered three weeks ago. That did it. The word went round that I had been won over at last, and Design could move on. The fact that I have not yet disposed of my old single-breasted dinner-jacket is no comfort, because the new style, subtly yet unmistakably, is nothing like it.

Take tie-knots. During my schooldays I was tormented by the enforced possession of thick cloth neck-ties. Members of the Upper Fifth and above had neck-ties of some fine silken material which knotted into a knot the size of a peanut, spraying out thereunder into a glorious jug-handle. My ties had knots like coconuts, and thumped on my chest when I walked. I didn't get one of the other kind until my schooldays were over, and the first person I met was Brimstone Major, an older old boy, wearing a

thick cloth neck-tie whose knot packed the V of his pullover.

He was also wearing Oxford bags.

Oxford bags. During the next year or so there were times when I thought I should never own a pair. When I had the courage, I hadn't the money. When I had the money, my courage failed me. Gladwell and Chubb had them very early. It wasn't long before the pavements filled with them. My own trousers got shorter and narrower every time I went out. When I did get a pair I had them made wider and longer than anyone else's, determined to make up for lost time; this was a mistake, and only made me more than ever conspicuous in a world which had gone overnight into the silver-grey flannel suit with eighteen-inch trouser-bottoms and a double-breasted waistcoat.

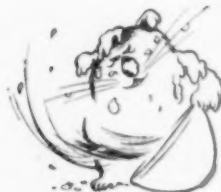
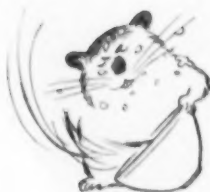
Who can forget the silver-grey flannel suit? Between 'twenty-six and 'thirty it gleamed in its legions on every fashionable promenade, accompanied by strikingly pretty girls. I wore mine on the first Saturday in June 1931, on the front at Skegness, the day every man worth the name appeared in plus-fours.

It was over the plus-four suit, perhaps, that I kept the men's fashion designers on tenterhooks the longest. The circumstances of my daily employment at the time were not such as to favour the plus-four suit for workaday wear. I was no golfer in those days (I didn't take up golf until all my friends had taken to squash), and for a long

time, though I realized that the movement had reached a pitch where ankle-length leg-wear constituted indefensible eccentricity, I resisted the trend. It may have been that my tailor, who was still making wounding references to the cost of a silver-grey flannel suit, encouraged me in my resistance; or that, whereas plus-fours were a formidable extravagance in themselves, the concomitant Fair Isle pullover and matching tweed cap made the complete adventure too hazardous for either of us to contemplate. I think it was seeing Judd in plus-fours that did it. Even Judd! Next pay-day I walked into a multiple tailors and bought a suit off the peg, with accessories complete. It didn't take long. I couldn't wait. The man's urgent demands that I should weigh carefully the competing attractions of a smooth puce and a shaggy nigger seemed an attempt at wilful obstruction. I swept them aside, and I don't suppose I was in the shop ten minutes.

It was enough. The word had gone round. When I stepped into the street, the impeccable plus-four man right down to the garter-tassels, every man in sight had gone into blazers, silk scarves and green gaberdine slacks.

The reference to golf, above, will have suggested that it is not only in matters of dress that the up-to-the-minute eludes me. I grew my first pair of side-whiskers during the fortnight when my contemporaries were shaving theirs off. The heavy shell spectacles, which at one time they were all wearing, only



displaced my gold-rims on the very day, so it seemed, that the Brimstones and Judds and Chubbs and Gladwells went rimless. I well remember, riding round to show Charlie Hibson my first, brand-new, three-speed bicycle, how I met him on his way round to me, astride a smart little chain-drive two-stroke. It was the same when I got my disc-wheel runabout. You remember the disc-wheel? For a year or two everything on more than two wheels was on disc-wheels; you'd have had to make a two-hundred-mile tour to find a car exposing its spokes. Until I got mine. That finished the disc-wheel, killed it stone dead. I tried to do something for the makers by getting rid of mine at once and going back to spokes, but it didn't work: just brought in the nation-wide craze for those enlarged hub-caps and practically no spokes at all.

No one, I suppose, waited longer than I did to own a portable gramophone. It was especially trying for me, because I was living near a river at the time, up and down which the punts and canoes moved to the incessant and conflicting strains of numberless portable gramophones. I got one at last, second-hand, very square and boxlike, with a small, mean-looking turntable and a mechanical fault which switched off the motor capriciously. It was heavy, and when I got down to the river with it on the first Sunday morning I was tired. "What have you got there?" the girl said. I told her, with pride, and expecting a kind word. But she gave a little laugh that I can hear now, and in the pause that followed I realized that every craft in earshot was playing the ukulele.



When you're young you can put your mind to things. I mastered the ukulele in time, but it was a long time. I wasn't ready to perform in public until just after the first really portable portable radios swept the country.

It's exhausting, trying to keep up. Sometimes I have a stroke of luck. I happened, for instance, to be lunching with Judd and Brimstone an hour after I'd bought my first electric razor, and their timely revelation that everyone they knew had just gone back to old-style safeties enabled me to dispose of my purchase to a second-hand shop with a financial loss of only forty-three shillings. Naturally, I felt obliged to pay for the lunch.

Now there's television. Oh, I fully realize that to mention television, at this stage in its hypnotic history, as if it is some new thing, will expose me to scorn and derision. I don't care. It still seems new to me, just as plus-fours once did, and ukuleles, and (I haven't had space to go fully into my experiences, you'll understand) the pogo-stick, Negro spirituals, teddy-bear coats, miniature pianos, soft black hats, parchment lamp-shades, red front doors, the Charleston, Frothblower's

cuff-links, and everything else I've gone in for just as they vanished into the wastes of social history. But, new or not, I'm not going to have it, and that's final.

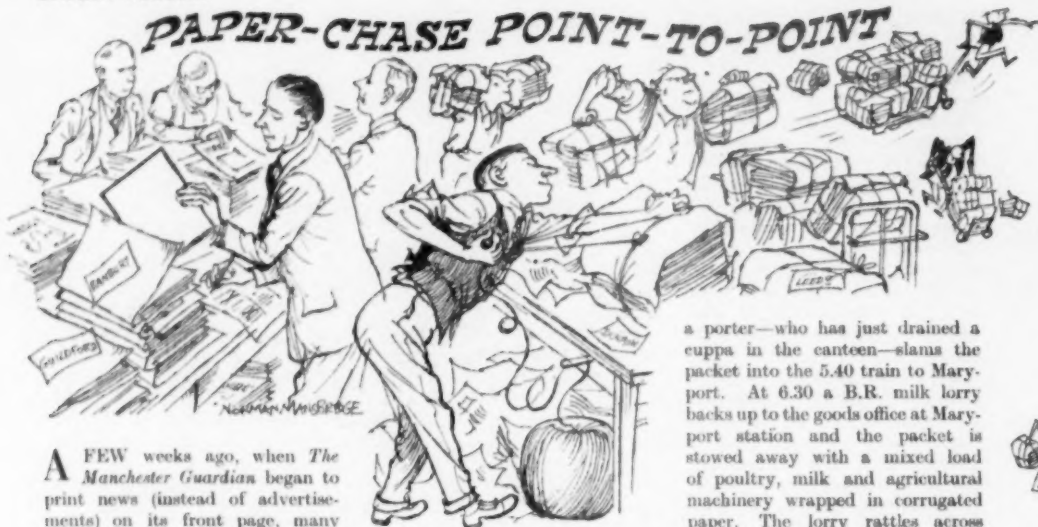
I have nothing against television. People seem to like it. It must be very good for the radio trade. It's probably all right. But not having it fills me with an exhilarating sense of power. It is very satisfying to know that I have only to install a television set to-morrow for the whole movement to be dead by next week-end.

J. B. BOOTHROYD

Punch Almanack

The Punch Almanack for 1953, which includes the usual complement of coloured pages and a special section devoted to Interplanetary Travel, is to be published on November 3, price two shillings. Postal subscribers will receive a copy without application; other readers are strongly advised to ask their newsagent, without delay, to reserve a copy for them.

PAPER-CHASE POINT-TO-POINT



A FEW weeks ago, when *The Manchester Guardian* began to print news (instead of advertisements) on its front page, many readers complained that their paper would now be ruined by dirty-handed newsboys and wet weather. *The Guardian* replied that the "accident-proneness of a newspaper pushed half-way through a letter-box is, we fear, insoluble. It is something on which customers will have to seek the co-operation of their newsagents and newsboys . . ."

Insoluble! How strange it is that newspapers, periodicals (weeklies) and magazines (monthlies) should survive, without blemish, a thousand hazards on their journey from the printing-presses to the newsagent and then fall foul of an insoluble accident-proneness. The newsboys, no doubt, would deny all this, display scrupulously clean hands, point out that they have no control over the weather or the

obstinate inefficiency of certain letter-boxes, and resume their sibilant rendering of "Fat Man Boogie"; but the fact remains—it is at the very last hurdle that our papers are most likely to stumble and bruise their columns.

Until this moment when the newsboys take over, our reading-matter seems to live a charmed life. It is tossed into and out of vans, hurled across platforms and generally beaten up; yet it reaches the newsagent as fresh and crisp as a new "fiver" or a newly-laundered dress-shirt . . .

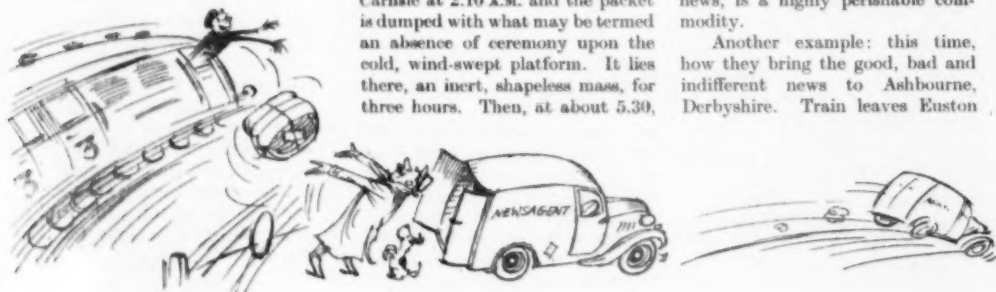
Every evening, punctually at 7.30, a train pulls out of Euston with a packet of periodicals addressed to a newsagent in Cocker-mouth. This train arrives at Carlisle at 2.10 A.M. and the packet is dumped with what may be termed an absence of ceremony upon the cold, wind-swept platform. It lies there, an inert, shapeless mass, for three hours. Then, at about 5.30,

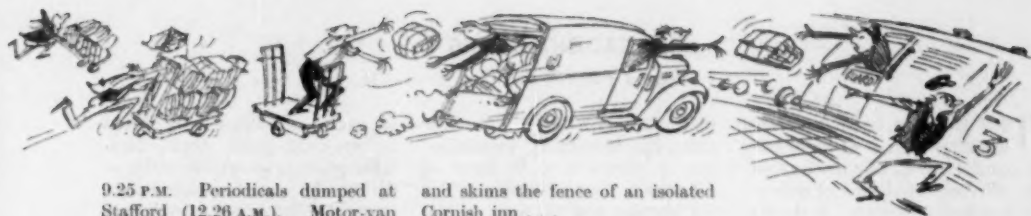
a porter—who has just drained a cuppa in the canteen—slams the packet into the 5.40 train to Maryport. At 6.30 a B.R. milk lorry backs up to the goods office at Maryport station and the packet is stowed away with a mixed load of poultry, milk and agricultural machinery wrapped in corrugated paper. The lorry rattles across the river Ellen, over lonely roads, across the Derwent and into Cocker-mouth, and the packet is jettisoned at the door of the newsagent. The time is 7.30 A.M.

A few minutes later copies of *Horse and Hound*, *The Lancet*, *Ringling World*, *Tarzan*, *Fur and Feather*, *Psychic News*, *Lucky Star*, *Racing Outlook*, *Tiny Tots*, *Punch* and other periodicals (according to the day of the week) are being pushed half-way through the letter-boxes of this corner of Cumberland.

A long way round? Yes, but this wild, broken Marathon gives Cocker-mouth its daily supply of periodicals before breakfast. If they travelled all the way by rail (Euston-Penrith-Cocker-mouth) they could not possibly arrive before 8.47 A.M. And news, even periodical news, is a highly perishable commodity.

Another example: this time, how they bring the good, bad and indifferent news to Ashbourne, Derbyshire. Train leaves Euston





9.25 P.M. Periodicals dumped at Stafford (12.26 A.M.). Motor-van carries parcel to Stoke-on-Trent. Train leaves Stoke at 6.01 A.M., arrives Uttoxeter 6.41. Parcel dumped. At 8.28 train leaves Uttoxeter for Ashbourne, arrives 8.54. Papers on bookstall 8.55. Every day. There is, apparently, no quicker, easier route; and, certainly, the time-table experts of the mammoth newsagents' dispatch department should know. Their job is to juggle with maps and split-seconds, to conjure time-saving connections and transport relay teams out of the unpromising statistical raw material of rail and bus schedules.

Sometimes the train does not stop ("X§" or "DNS"). Then the label on the packet addressed to the individual customer may read—
Great Western Rly. Per 12.5 A.M.
Paddington.

D. Telegraph—Daily. Radio Times
—Welsh Edn.

Throw out at Llanstephan Halt via Shrewsbury and Builth Road. The guard has a good eye. As his van glides through the Halt he lobs the rolled package with superb judgment. It lands undamaged on the wooden seat of the shelter. A copy of the *Daily Mail* flashes from the van at a level crossing and is caught (nine times out of ten) by a man in a cycling-cape and Home Guard boots. A copy of *The Times* is flipped over a hedge to a lonely reader in Rutland-shire. A copy of the *News Chronicle* leaves the guard's hand, flies across the track

and skims the fence of an isolated Cornish inn . . .

These are, of course, only a few odd streaks in the even all-over pattern of distribution evolved by the wholesaler. Every day thousands of parcels (as ordered by private customers, branch offices, bookstalls and retailers) are packed and rushed into circulation. Sixty thousand parcels a week; six million daily newspapers and more than four million periodicals. One hundred and forty miles of string, two hundredweight of paste, four tons of packing paper.

The night-shift workers stand at tables arranged in the form of a loop and laden with copies of weeklies fresh from the machines. One circuit of the tables, and the parcels have been made up, checked and made fast. They start as folders labelled with the customer's name and address and containing his order form; and gradually, as each operative in turn inserts his quota of Weekly This and Woman's That, the bundle grows. At the end of the loop the parcel is checked, wrapped, trolleyed to the vans and hustled away at breakneck speed to the railway stations.

More than two hundred men work the night shift. For a time their pace is reasonably leisurely. Then, shortly after midnight, *things begin to happen*. The dailies arrive. The velocity of circulation suddenly increases. Men, papers and trolleys move with the comical animated bustle of ancient films.

For five hours the tempo is governed by the sequence of vans arriving from the printing works and by the minute-hand of the clock. There are trains to be caught every few minutes . . . *The Daily* — is late. Very late. In fifteen minutes the 3.0 A.M. will leave Waterloo. The "*Telly*" is up; so is *The Times*. But *The Daily* — is not in sight. Suddenly there is a yell

from the men at the arrival bay and the vans pull up in an odour of burning rubber. The newspapers are manhandled at a trot to the tables, and the fingers of the sorters and counters fly like shuttles. The packers tug at their string, the trolleys sprint to the vans, the drivers rev their engines, and they are away. At Waterloo (four and a half minutes later, so help them!) the vans screech into position and men pelt the waiting train with bundles as the guard whistles and flashes the signal for departure. And at eight o'clock sharp Mr. Doughty of Portsmouth (or Petworth, or Ashford) hears a familiar scuffle at the front door, gets up from his kipper and extracts his *Daily* — from the letter-box.

The superintendent of the counting-house and dispatch department is a little man with bright eyes and boundless energy. He has been "on nights" for thirty-eight years and still loves the smell of ink and paper. But he won't read this. He doesn't read *Punch*; he doesn't read periodicals, magazines or dailies. They bore him.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



MISLEADING CASES

Trout v. Celestial Publicity Ltd., and Broot—II

THE House of Lords considered again the appeal of Sir Wesley Trout, M.P., in the Sky-writing Case. Sir Wesley complained of defamatory messages "written" in the sky, in vapour, during a by-election.

The Lord Chancellor, continuing, said: It is not disputed that the smoke-signals or characters were defamatory. The only question is, are they libel, as was held by Mr. Justice Plush, or slander, as the Court of Appeal (Lord Justice Rutt dissenting) decided? Should they be treated as "permanent," like a letter or postcard, or "transitory," like a hiss, hoot, or derogatory speech? In the first case the appellant will receive the damages awarded by the court of first instance; in the second his suit will be at last dismissed.

Learned counsel have referred us to some cases of which all that can be said is that they belong to the same department of doubt. There was the famous case of *Chickens v. Ham*, where a man deliberately caused opprobrious words to be recorded and published by means of a gramophone. There were two trials of the action and two appeals to the Court of Appeal, which held on the first occasion that the wrong was slander and on the second that it was libel. In your Lordships' House my illustrious predecessor and Lord Arrowroot were for slander, and the late Lords Lick and Sheep for libel: the late Lord Goat was about to give his opinion, which would, presumably have been decisive, when, unhappily, he perished of heart-failure. The second of two contradictory decisions of the Court of Appeal, therefore, was allowed to stand, precariously—a not entirely satisfactory climax to an enjoyable year or two of litigation.

Lord Lick in that appeal referred to the case of *Silvertop v. Stepney Guardians*, "where a man trained a parrot to say three times after meals 'Councillor Wart has not washed to-day.' It was held

that this was a libel." A minor jurist has unworthily complained that no record is to be found of *Silvertop v. Stepney Guardians*. But the learning and character of the late Lord Lick are too well respected—

Lord Wool. It was one of Lick's own cases. I know what happened. There was a fire that night at the reporter's house. Old Lick could hardly remember his name; but he never forgot his own judgments. The parrot's all right.

The Lord Chancellor. Just so. The House is obliged to Lord Wool. But the repetitive parrot—like the repetitive gramophone—has an element of continuity which cannot be found in brief and fugitive vapour-writing. Then there was the more recent case of *Temper v. Hume and Haddock* (M.L.C., 1951). There the insults were conveyed by flag-signals in the International Code, the flags being displayed sometimes for a few minutes only, sometimes for a few hours at most. Here, you may think, we are nearer to temporary defamation by vapour. Unhappily, the jury disagreed about the facts, and Mr. Justice Codd (now retired) was unable, or perhaps unwilling, to pronounce an opinion on the question of law. Your Lordships have never had a similar case before them, and so have no decision of their own to guide them. Parliament has declined to abolish the distinction between libel and slander; and your Lordships, I conceive, are bound to abide by it. I think that this was a slander, and the appeal should be dismissed.

Lord Wool. Stuff and nonsense! With great respect to my noble friend the Lord Chancellor, I disagree. Not only with what he said but the way he said it. Evidently he doesn't like the Common Law; but he's afraid to say so. I'm not. God bless me! Who made the Common Law? The judges. Who are we? The top judges. And who's to put the Common Law right when it's old and silly? Why, we,

of course. I thought it pitiful to see our good Lord Chancellor prowling about, like a dog at the dust-bins, in the courts below, trying to find some mouldy old decision to comfort him. Then he bleated that Parliament had not abolished the crazy quibbles about libel and slander. Well, it has done a bit, just a nibble or two. But we invented them, and we should put an end to them. You're all afraid. I'm not. I'm seventy-three. But I'll race any of you across Westminster Bridge. Where was I? Oh yes. You say, in this case, there was "no actual damage." Therefore the poor chap can't recover. God bless me, isn't it enough to have small boys calling "Boozer!" after you? How would any of your Lordships like it? I don't care whether you call this libel or slander—it was defamation, the man has suffered, and the appeal should be allowed.

Lord Middle. I do not agree. It will be a sad day for British justice if ever we interrupt the orderly march of precedent and case-law. Nor can I dismiss so lightly as Lord Wool the ancient distinction between written and spoken abuse or vilification. It does not, I know, exist in Scottish law; but then, I understand, most of the Scots are more or less speechless. In England, where idle chatter is continuous everywhere, it would be disastrous if a writ could issue for every foolish or unfriendly word. Turning to the present appeal, I find, like the Lord Chancellor, that insults in smoke or vapour have not the solid and enduring character which is required in a case of libel. They are more like the signal-flags, and less like the trained parrot or the gramophone, both of which, I should say, were libellous. This was a slander and the appeal should be dismissed.

The House adjourned. The score is now 2-1. Lords Off and Laburnum have still to give their opinions. In legal circles the betting is heavy, and most of the money is on slander.

A. P. H.



"Quick! Where's the Highway Code?"

FAQ-END

I HAVE just been knocked off smoking by a well-meaning doctor and the effect is rather odd. I suffer from the delusion that I am running along an asphalt path in a small, suburban recreation ground. My knees are as bare as the sycamore branches and my shanks as grey and cold as the sky. The lovers and the wits have left the open air and have gone into cosy, curtained rooms. Only the dull and virtuous remain outside. Round and round I trot, wailing like a banshee on the wagon. Nobody looks out of a bright window to beckon me into a cheery fug. In the bright indoors jolly smokers are starting new movements in the Arts, making discoveries in the Sciences, relaxing with cakes and ale. I skulk by garden fences, a cross-gartered pariah, the kind of man who, when offered a cigarette, tenders a small, hard circle of peppermint in return.

A month ago I was a real smoker. Tobacco was my Vice, and to its constant use I attributed my equability, my shy kindness, my good points. For a quarter of a

century I had enjoyed the companionship and encouragement of My Lady Nicotine—the phrase is not mine, but its extension to gaspers is original. She had led me safely up hill and comforted me down dale. Now she coldly shuts the door of paradise behind me and turns to other votaries, votaries more loyal and rewarding than I.

As well as this regrettable tendency to fanciful prose I have developed a craving for Worcester sauce. Once one has left the haven of tobacco one gets driven into strange harbours. I have even come down to sucking an empty cigarette-holder. I did try to hide the shame of it by fixing in a dummy cigarette, whose unwavering glare drew surprised glances in the Underground. I began to wonder whether it might not become a stimulating affectation like Gerard de Nerval's lobster. Unfortunately, the fixative had a flavour of musty spinach and I had to prize the dummy out and clean up.

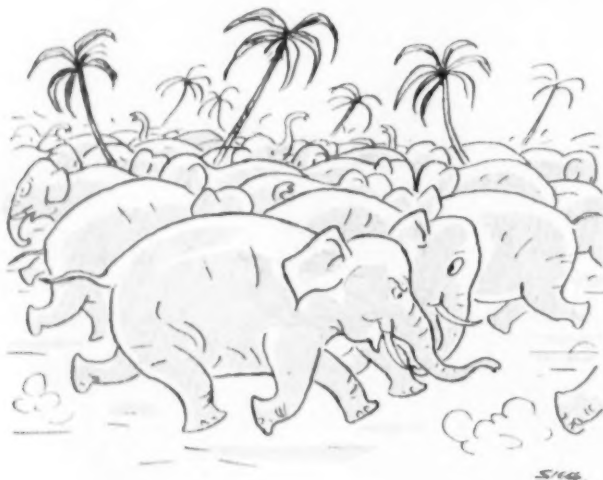
The re-emergence of taste and smell has raised several problems. Through long disuse these senses are rather amateurish and intermittent. For the first time for years I can discriminate between beef and mutton by taste, but oak

trees smell of burning rubber and Worcester sauce tastes of nicotine. I have always taken a bluff, matter-of-fact attitude to complaints about buffet tea and coffee: both are hot, brown liquids, and what more could you want? I am beginning to discover. This growing discrimination is not likely to make life easier.

In my smoking days I was a one-vice man. Although in theory I was all in favour of the widest possible range of fun, in practice I was not adept at anything but the continuous consumption of cigarettes. Gambling, a vice often successful in making the creative-minded create, never allured me, as I could never find a way of indulging in it without doing sums, and arithmetic, in my view, is incompatible with fun. As for drink, I am insufficiently scholarly to hold my own among real bibbers. I never seem to get beyond the elementary division of wines into thick and clear, but I am all for Bacchus and regret that undue specialization has given me only a sipping acquaintance with his gifts to man. As for Women and Song—my voice is rather like a harmonium and only at its best with hymns, while I can never think what to say to women apart from telling them favourable anecdotes about my wife, and once one's wife has got into a conversation, women as a vice rather fade out. No, I was a Smoker or Nothing.

Now I am Nothing. I try to make up for my exclusion from the stimulating life of Bohemia by working out how much money I shall save. I often used to work out how much money I was wasting, but for some reason the answer is not the same when you do the calculation in reverse. When I consider that a non-smoker cannot expect to make as much money as a tobacco-inspired smoker I feel a deeper panic than I ever felt in my cigarette-wreathed days. I am terrified that all the virtues may attack me one by one. Poverty leading. Next it will be Charity, and then farewell to the joys of gossip. The chill winds of Goodness are whistling round me, and soon I shall be frozen into lifelessness.

R. G. G. PRICE



"Worst organized stampede I ever attended."



"Nice to see everything looking shipshape."

EARTHQUAKES PURE AND APPLIED

THE cleavage between the seismologist and his public, which has been such a distressing feature of scientific development in this century, continues unrelenting. Seismology can be defined as the science of deducing from observed phenomena the fact that an earthquake is taking place, and in a sense we are all entitled to call ourselves seismologists. That is to say, we can all make the correct inference if the phenomena are on a sufficiently macroscopic scale. What the professional has done, therefore, is to retire into his shell and devote himself to earth tremors of the minutest intensity: he loses interest at precisely the same point as the man in the street begins to take notice.

A certain amount of professional disdain is involved. You get it in all walks of life. Logical positivists, the most professional of philosophers, will not discuss the question "Do two and two make four?" but only the question "In what sense is it permissible to ask the question 'Do two and two make four?'" It is

the old conflict between science pure and applied. The pure batsman need score no runs at all to receive the highest commendation; the applied batsman can score a century before lunch and be laughed off as "agricultural." Or take—if it is not too steep a descent from logical positivism—take Dooley of Sheffield Wednesday.

The seismologist has made one concession, and one only, to popular opinion. He has drawn up scales of earthquake intensity to which the ordinary man can refer without taking a reading from a seismograph. But even here he reserves his esoteric rights. The most celebrated scale is named after three scientists (they had to draw the line somewhere) and is called the Mercalli-Cancani-Sieberg scale. Who among us, in the throes of an earthquake, could differentiate among the five major intensities of this scale—" (viii) destructive; (ix) highly destructive; (x) devastating; (xi) catastrophic; (xii) major catastrophe"? The whole thing

has clearly been lifted straight out of Roget's Thesaurus.

A rather better scale for general use is the Rossi-Forel scale, in whose delicate nuances one can take quite an æsthetic pleasure but whose formal language illustrates the very aloofness of which we are complaining. Forces one to five deal with everything from the microseismic ("felt by an experienced observer"), up through the extremely feeble, the very feeble ("felt by several persons at rest") and the feeble, to the shock of moderate intensity. Then comes this:

"6. *Fairly strong shock*: general awakening of those asleep; general ringing of bells; oscillation of chandeliers; stopping of clocks; visible agitation of trees and shrubs; some startled persons leave their dwellings."

Seismology has never been the same since the invention of wireless, and this may account for some of the professional's reserve. Not so long ago a seismologist would receive on his instrument evidence of a fairly strong (say) shock, chew over it, sleep on it, enter it in his log, and then announce it to a gasping world. But earthquake waves travel at about 400 miles a minute, and wireless waves travel at the speed of light. Thus, with the news agencies on their toes, an earthquake at ten to nine in New Zealand would be on the nine o'clock news. The seismologist, grubbing in his cellar surrounded by pendulums and rotating drums, would know nothing about it for another ten minutes. Indeed, it might be his wife who would run downstairs to tell him. He would have to put a bold face on it, poor fellow, and pretend to know: "Only microseismic, my dear. I shan't stay up for it." "But no, dear. The B.B.C. said chandeliers were oscillating!"



" . . . so I say to myself . . . "

How are the seismologist and the man in the street to be brought once more into a proper relationship? The first essential, one suggests, is an improvement in the efficiency of seismographs. When the ordinary man picks up his morning paper to read about tremors he does not want to be told, as he invariably is, that they were too strong to be recorded, or, as often happens, that some particular seismograph was damaged. As a case in point, five heavy steam-rollers on their way to some public works recently passed the writer's premises at speed and tip-to-tail. The seismic consequences over a limited area were considerable (force six, at a guess, on Rossi-Forel). No bells rang, no clocks stopped, no trees were visibly agitated, but several startled persons left their dwellings. Fortunately there was no seismograph on the premises. Had there been one it would certainly have been wrecked.

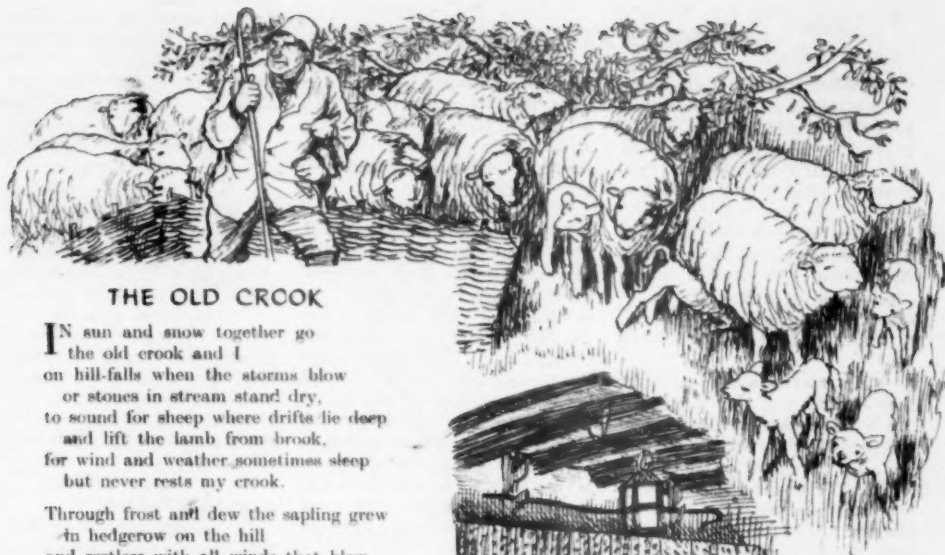
Secondly, one feels that a little less specialization would be all to the good. The point is well put by Rossi-Forel in Force One: "Microseismic shock: recorded by a single seismograph or by seismographs of the same model, but not by seismographs of different kinds . . ." If the experts cannot agree among themselves, what scope is there for the layman? One seismologist will concentrate on vertical shocks and another on horizontal. There are all too few seismologists in general practice to whom the ordinary man can take his problems. And who is going to pay a fee to a vertical seismologist only to be told that the man he wants is horizontal?

Thirdly, I believe (and the reader will forgive me if I ride a pet hobby-horse) that a great deal more must be known about the earth's crust, and its core, before seismology can serve a useful purpose in predicting earthquakes. Oh, I know I shall be told that the seismologist is seeking just that information and that the future is full of hope. But has anyone thought of endowing a Chair of Vertical and Horizontal Seismology at Cambridge towards the diploma of A.M.I.Seis.E? How many samples of the earth's core have they got at the main British research station, the Geological Department of Glasgow University? These questions cannot long remain unanswered.

Finally (and this is going to hurt a few people), let us rid seismology of its quacks. Let us stop these charlatans writing spurious articles in the Press, full of grotesque technicalities and inane references to authorities. Stop bewildering the seismologist and let him get back to his tremors.

"Now Mr. Holland, 'Bert' to his many friends among the bowls fraternity, followed the more ordinary procedure of having tennis courts on the lawn at the back of his house, from which can be obtained a grand panoramic view towards the Chiltern Hills, which he built for himself 24 years ago."—*Oxford Mail*

Oh. Not for his many friends among the bowls fraternity!



THE OLD CROOK

IN sun and snow together go
the old crook and I
on hill-falls when the storms blow
or stoues in stream stand dry,
to sound for sheep where drifts lie deep
and lift the lamb from brook,
for wind and weather sometimes sleep
but never rests my crook.

Through frost and dew the sapling grew
in hedgerow on the hill
and restless with all winds that blew
it learnt its supple skill;
in writhe of root it found its foot,
in gnarl its stem grew lengthening
and conned a cunning lore to suit
its yielding with its strengthening.

For few things yet the birthright get
to grow both strong and straightly;
it's wrung with bitter chances met
that oak or man grows greatly.
What luck betrays good craft repays
for wisdom's root runs wry:
that's how we've lived to length of days,
the old crook and I.

ALUN LLEWELLYN



STRANGERS AT THE BARN

"I KNOW nothing about them. Nothing at all. Not even their names!" said old Miss Twist, waving a piece of fruit-cake. A sultana dropped, and I watched her Triple A brogue grind it into the hearth-rug.

"Nor, for that matter," she went on, "does anyone else in the village. Apart from Mrs. Stubbs, whose cousin over at Budley goes to the same W. I. as they did."

"And what does Mrs. Stubbs say?"

"Mrs. Stubbs' cousin says that they are both single, in their fifties, one is the daughter of a doctor who specialized in glandular diseases, and the other . . . Now let me think."

Miss Twist clapped a scrawny hand to her grey hair to assist matters. "Ah! I remember—fatherless! The other one, dear, fatherless! From an early age, and brought up by a domineering mother with dachshunds. She's the one that keeps

bees, so old Bassett told me. Her honey beat his once at the Agricultural Show. He says they are setting aside the little morning room for the honey equipment and the other woman's raffia."

"Raffia?"

"Well, basket stuff of some kind. The doctor's daughter took up basket-making when she was convalescing from scarlet fever, so the butcher said. His mother knew the family years ago. Wonderful auburn hair she used to have before this illness. Could sit on it, so the butcher's mother said, but it all had to come off, and then it grew an ordinary mouse. That's why she's having the bedroom at the front. It gets all the sun, and she's still inclined to be chesty."

"The Barn has a nice sheltered garden."

"Too big for them. Young Tom Booth is having the part by the common for vegetables. They're

not asking any rent, but Tom says he has agreed to keep them in vegetables. He has put in two extra rows of spinach and three of parsnips as they are particularly fond of them. No celery, though—it upsets the basket one."

Miss Twist's coffee spoon slid down her skirt to the floor.

"Their silver," she said, watching it go, "is mostly Irish. Mrs. Wilton, who is getting the house ready, has been polishing it."

"Any one else in the household?"

"Mrs. Wilton says that a niece will be coming to stay very frequently, and they are keeping the room over the porch for her. That's the doctor's daughter's niece. Her brother married a Poppitt and this is the only child. She's terribly clever, they say. A barrister or typist—I forget which—but something really brilliant."

I stepped over Miss Twist's henny legs in their speckled stockings and retrieved her spoon.

"Thank you, dear, thank you. I must remember to call in at The Barn on my way home. Badger is taking some rose cuttings for me from that bush by their gate. Badger says they are both devoted to roses and their house in Devon was simply smothered in Gloire de Dijon."

"But I thought they had been living at Budley?"

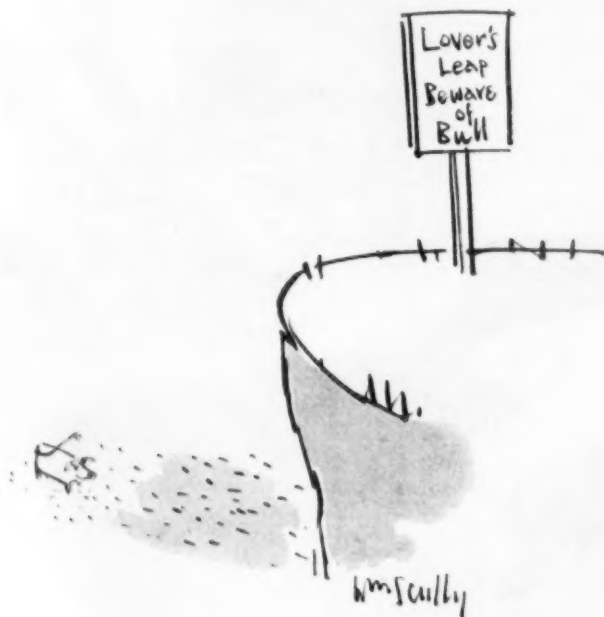
"I'm speaking of the house before last, dear, before they had the great quarrel about the curate. They decided to move to Budley when they made it up. I must tell you more about it when I have more time."

She stood up, bent backwards sharply from the knees, and ejected some cake crumbs in the direction of the hearth.

"I must say I feel sorry for the poor dears," she said, banging the last few crumbs into her skirt. "Starting life anew in fresh surroundings."

I hung her umbrella on her arm. "Poor dears!" she repeated wistfully, "set down here, among a lot of complete strangers, who neither know—nor care—a thing about them!"

D. J. SAINT





WHAT happened to the front teeth of four University of Notre Dame football players remains one of the minor mysteries of the season. Photographs of the four, which appeared with suitably fierce captions in *Life* magazine, showed dental hiatuses of alarming dimensions. "The Fighting Irish Look Tough Again," *Life's* headline remarked, and its text went on to explain that "on these Indian summer afternoons the look of Notre Dame is . . . apt to be both battered and pugnacious." By a rough estimate, it looked to the reader as if the four athletes were missing an aggregate of a dozen or so teeth, and the fact that all seemed to be mouth-breathers gave the camera an unusually candid view of their losses.

Two weeks later *Life* presented what it termed a "sequel" to the earlier layout. Its photographs had been "unretouched," *Life* announced, but it was now glad to publish four "studio portraits" of the same players. These, surprisingly, showed no teeth missing with respect to three of the subjects, while the fourth had his mouth closed. A further complication, it transpired, was that three of the four had been incorrectly identified in the first instance, and the names of two other players whose photographs were not included had been mixed into the identifications.

By way of final clarification, *Life's* "sequel" contained a statement by Rev. Edmund P. Joyce,

U.S.C. chairman of the Notre Dame Faculty Board in Control of Athletics. "Four players were pictured," he wrote, "as representative of Notre Dame's present football team. The facts are these: two of the players pictured by *Life* have never participated in a Notre Dame game. Three of the four pictured were falsely identified as well-known varsity players. Three of the falsely identified varsity players are still smiling with their own front teeth.

"Apart from these glaring inaccuracies in the *Life* report, the impression remains that most football players are toothless. Here are more actual facts: 94 per cent of our varsity squad have never lost a tooth playing football at Notre Dame. Three out of 50 players have.

As for high school football, only one other of the players (incidentally one of the group *Life* featured) lost some teeth in high school competition."

* * * * *

The third running of the annual Mexican Pan-American Road Race will begin November 19 up the border-to-border highway from Guatemala to the Texas line. The starting point of this year's contest has been moved 160 miles south, to the border itself, and the total distance to be run in five stages on successive days will be 2,096 miles. The route from south to north passes directly through Mexico City and up the middle, more or less, of Mexico to the finish line at Ciudad Juarez. In point of distance covered and the variety of problems presented by the course itself—which includes about 800 miles of mountain driving and some extremely rough road surfaces—the Mexican contest is all but unique. Even on its mountain sections, average speeds of 75 m.p.h. or more have been achieved, and sustained speeds of 130 are perfectly feasible on the vast stretches in the north.

For reasons not altogether clear in a land so

enamored of its automobiles, American newspapers pay little heed to motor racing. The coverage, if any, is highly local, and almost nothing is reported from even the major competitions elsewhere in the world. It was quite impossible, for instance, to follow from day to day the Mexican Road Race last November. Some papers mentioned only the names of the two or three drivers in the lead, without reference to what they were driving; others named cars but not the drivers. All sorts of wild performance statistics were bandied about by the motoring public in consequence, and only in the speed magazines was a thoroughgoing coverage of the race to be found, two or three months later. The race is difficult and expensive to cover, and the whole entourage and the Press corps as well must leapfrog furiously by air in order to remain anything like in touch with its progress. Whether this year's race will gain the attention it deserves is doubtful. There is certainly nothing else like it in North America.

Two Ferraris made the pace all the way last year, save for the first stage when they were feeling their way over the mountain roads, and they finished first and second with a winner's average of some 88 m.p.h. But less than twenty minutes behind the winner came an assortment of souped and modified American cars, and the running time on some of the straighter roads through the flat country to the north was startling for bulky saloons weighing 35 or 45 cwt. and even more (a Chrysler covered the final stage of 230 miles at 114 m.p.h.).

This year the sponsors report an entry of the two Mercedes-Benz Le Mans cars, at least two Ferraris, a sprinkling of Lancias and Alfas, and a vast assortment of Americans. No announcement of British entries has been made up to this writing. Prize money is in the neighborhood of £30,000.

Only 35 of the 93 cars which started last year's race were able to finish. On some cars, all brakes



were refined and differential units replaced daily. Tyre consumption was prodigious. Millions of spectators turned out along the course, and it was estimated that 750 cattle were shot by the authorities in order to keep the road clear.

Entries this year will lie in two categories, one a virtually unlimited class permitting almost any type of body and mechanical modifications, and the other a strictly "stock" class limited to a single carburetor and a five-passenger closed body. The new classifications ought to forestall at least some of the grumbling which followed last year's race, when the Detroiters complained that the Ferraris were more like racing cars than sports models, while the modifications of the American entries were so numerous as to leave little resemblance to what could reasonably be called a production model.

There is still nothing produced by any major American manufacturer which could reasonably compete with, or be compared with,

the sports car of British or Continental origin. But if Detroit has persisted in weight and bulk, it is boosting horsepower into rather fancy figures. A middle-priced, middle-sized 1953 model will produce about 150 brake h.p., and the three or four largest cars will come out somewhere above the 200-mark. All these figures are readily increased by souping ("tuning" over here merely means putting an engine into proper adjustment and condition); an Indianapolis report tells of a lap at 137 m.p.h. and a speed of 170 on the straight, accomplished by a Chrysler V-8 engine. With a fuel injection system replacing standard carburetion, and using an alcohol fuel, the engine developed more than 400 h.p. at 5,200 r.p.m., as contrasted with 180 h.p. at 4000 r.p.m. in its ordinary form. The fast lap—only a couple of miles below the track record—was made, of course, by a single-seater racing chassis, but 400 h.p. would pull even a big saloon along rather briskly, and the Mexican race will undoubtedly

contain many comparable examples of souping.

* * * * *

There is probably no functionary in British sports whose status resembles that of the football coach in the American university. These men select the members of the squad (the team), they devise the plays, draw up the schedules, direct substitutions, dictate the strategy at all times. In absolute control of everything pertaining to the game, the coach is, more often than not, the most highly paid person associated with the university. "He offered me a salary second only to that of the football coach," a professor of history announced, after discussing with the president of a middle western university an invitation to join the faculty. A sports commentator, broadcasting recently an enthusiastic forecast of one of the big games in the east, began as follows: "Two of the East's best football coaches will be tangling Saturday . . ."

CHARLES W. MORTON



"... and now would you like a second opinion?"

THE POWER OF THE PRESS

MY mother wrote and said she was enclosing a newspaper cutting which she thought I would find *very interesting*.

The cutting was of an article headed: *IS YOUR DAUGHTER ALONE IN LONDON? Unscrupulous Landladies Exploit Inexperienced Young Tenants*. In the margin my mother had written: "Your father has read this too." On the other side was a feature on emigration to Alaska.

So I wrote to my mother and said why did she want me to go to Alaska?

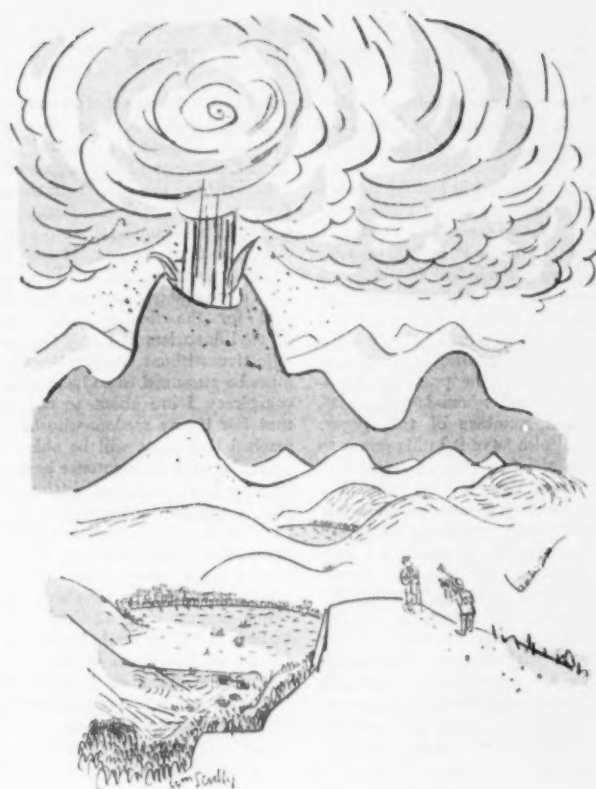
My mother wrote back and said that sometimes I irritated her beyond words. She didn't want me to go to Alaska. Very often in the middle of the night she would wake up suddenly and have a terrible vision, but never in her wildest moments had she thought of my going to Alaska. I must be mad. Turn it over, my mother said, and read the other side.

I wrote back and said I couldn't turn it over because I had thrown it away. Why was she so dead against Alaska? There were a lot of opportunities there, and the more I thought about it the more interesting it seemed.

My mother wrote and said that if I was joking I wasn't being funny. She didn't want to hear any more about Alaska. Alaska was all very well for people whose job it was to dig for gold or seals or something, but not for me. The story on the other side was about a poor little girl called Myrtle whose landlady batted on her with a damp room and bulging walls.

So I wrote and said I was terribly sorry for Myrtle but what could I do about it? Alaska was the sort of place one should see while one was young. It was off the beaten track and offered a form of adventure not experienced in the normal way.

My mother wrote and said that if she heard any more of this Alaska nonsense my father would write to me. All my life she had had to



"A little more to the left should get you both in."

battle against one hare-brained scheme after another, and if I thought she was going to sit down and watch me serving grog to lumberjacks in a wooden shack in Alaska I was mistaken. She didn't want me to do anything about Myrtle. Myrtle had been taken home by her mother and was quite all right in the end. But the point was that wasn't the point. The point was that it could happen to me and I ought to be on guard.

She had sent me the article, my mother concluded, because she thought I would be interested. But she had learned her lesson. She would never send me another newspaper article as long as she lived, and I had no one to blame but myself.

MARJORIE RIDDELL

Punch Exhibition in New York

AN Exhibition of original drawings from *Punch* is to be held in the TIME-LIFE Lounge, Rockefeller Center, New York City, from November 11 to December 6. (Admission without invitation, Mondays to Fridays, 10.0 A.M.—5 P.M.).

The Exhibition can also be seen, by invitation only, from 5 P.M.—7 P.M. on week-days (Saturdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.). U.K. readers who would like invitations sent to American friends should send names and addresses to PUNCH (Exhibition), 10 Boulevard Street, London, E.C.4. U.S. and other overseas readers should send names and addresses to PUNCH 30 East 60th Street, New York 22, N.Y., U.S.A.

WRITER SEEKS FATS PROBE

If anyone cares to listen to a plain tale plainly told (as John Ridd once observed) it is not here he will find it. Such a person would be better employed in looking through his bookshelves to see whether the copy of *Lorna Doone* which he thinks is his own does not, in fact, bear my name upon the flyleaf, in which case he will be able both to find out what John Ridd actually did observe and to understand why I have to begin this article by quoting from memory. If in addition he possesses a collection, whether bound or otherwise, of back numbers of this paper, he will also have it in his power to verify the fact that at about this season of the year in 1948, in a diatribe about mongooses, and again in 1949 when endeavouring to call attention to the diversion of a river in Northern Italy, I found a similar difficulty in approaching what we may loosely call the point. I doubt, though, whether his copy will be covered with buttery fingermarks where my contributions occur and in virtually mint condition elsewhere.

The absence of any public outcry (by the way, that word "buttery"

will have to be qualified as soon as possible, but I cannot go into that just now without interrupting the logical sequence of my argument) over either the River-diversion Outrage or the Great Mongoose Scandal I attribute to this self-same failing, so fatal to a pamphleteer, of inability to present my case in other than a roundabout manner; it is as well for the financiers—for the bloated financiers, if I may use the adjective without disrespect—who must be presumed to be behind the conspiracy I am about to expose that few if any readers who have reached this point will be able to remember how this sentence began, let alone grasp what I am getting at. Had I the hard-hitting pen of a Dickens or a *Daily Express* leader-writer, these avaricious and flinty-hearted men, whose enormous incomes, as I shall shortly show, are drawn mainly from black-market dealings in butter, would by now be shaking in their shoes at the prospect of the storm of indignation which the publication of this broadside would inevitably arouse. As it is, they will simply laugh at me.

He laughs best, however, who laughs last. Let them snigger in imagined security behind their screen of head-waiters and obsequious hotel-managers who will not keep to the point when one makes a straightforward, manly complaint to them. It is one of the least likeable features of this whole sorry business that the real offenders, the men who actually profit by the substitution of margarine for butter on hotel breakfast-tables, preserve a seclusion which in itself bespeaks a guilty conscience and allow the odium which their scheme inevitably incurs to fall upon menials and cats-paws. Not but what the arrogance, the brazen unconsciousness of wrongdoing, of these latter, at railway hotels in particular, is sufficiently infuriating. The clearest exposition, the most pellucid demonstration of the entitlement of every guest, however humble, however transient, however had a shave he may have had that morning in the lukewarm water laid on to his sleeping-car, to two-twenty-firsts of an ounce of veritable butter is met with the glassy stare of a boiled eel, which as like as not is on the menu under the style of rock turbot. One particular head-waiter whom I have in mind could, I believe, listen for an hour to Demosthenes, Abraham Lincoln and the first Lord Birkenhead without giving any of the three either the slightest satisfaction or a single pat of butter.

Let them snigger, I say (see above). The railway-hotel breakfasters of this island are a long-suffering race, but there is a limit to what they will endure. The time is coming when those who, like myself, have suffered at the hands of these butter-filching miscreants will band themselves into an organization capable of presenting their case in a manner so unmistakable that the public conscience will be aroused. When that day comes the present writer, though he may not be among the forefront of those who will then be hailed as society's benefactors, will have the satisfaction of knowing that he struck, however feebly and with however wavering an aim, the first blow for the cause.

G. D. R. DAVIES





Impressions of Parliament



Monday, October 20

Many years ago Mr. Ernest Brown, as a Minister, achieved great fame among Parliamentarians by taking the whole of Question-hour on his own. When he reached his hundredth stentorian reply, there was a roar of cheering scarcely exceeded at a Test match.

To-day Major GWILYM LLOYD GEORGE performed the same feat, but his score was only around the fifty mark—not counting "supplementaries." However, he did include some pretty neat boundaries in his score, and there was a hearty cheer each time he did so.

Mrs. JEAN MANN, captaining a rival team across the House, involuntarily stopped one or two rather hard drives. She asked whether it was not possible "in this jet-propelled age" for the Minister to devise some means of getting eggs to the people, and showed little pleasure in his reply that the situation was exactly the same as under the late Government.

It was about then that Mrs. MANN cried "Utter nonsense!" and was sharply told that, when she had used that very phrase on previous occasions, she had turned out to be wrong. "I am making a statement," said the Major austerely, "which can be proved."

Thought for food is a very popular pastime in the House of Commons these days. It has many advantages. It produces very fine publicity in the newspapers; it makes pleasantly inflammable material in the House itself; and (with any luck) it enables the questioner—if he is that sort of questioner—to make what it is hoped will be highly inconvenient references to Governmental promises, which have, of course, been broken.

But, for all his bland good-humour, the Minister of Food has all the political acumen one would expect from one bearing his name,

and he had a merry time with the questioners to-day.

Some of it was done, so to speak, with mirrors and without a word spoken. For instance, when Miss BURTON, from the Opposition benches, mentioned that, in politics, it was not possible to please all the people all the time, the Minister just looked quizzically at the bench which seated the Bevanites, and nodded sapiently—and, it may be, sympathetically. The effect was what old-fashioned writers used to call "electrical."

Major GWILYM produced another sort of electrical effect (this time from both sides of the House) when, faced with a highly-technical query



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Lord Hinchinbrooke (Dorset, South)

about feeding stuffs, hens and eggs, he replied that "The amount of feeding stuffs supplied for poultry roughly corresponds to the number of eggs produced!"

The Minister then gave a sort of exhibition turn, announcing (1) that there would be more turkeys this year than for a long time past, and that restrictions on their consumption would therefore be unnecessary; (2) that sweets would be de-rationed as soon as circumstances permitted; (3) that there would be more dried fruit this Christmas than for a good many years past; (4) that the 2s. meat ration would be maintained for some time.

These announcements produced joyful and fortissimo challenges from the Government benches to the Opposition benches to "cheer!" But answer came there none. So the Government side cheered the

Minister as he ended his innings and went out for a well-earned tea interval.

The House turned its attention to the intricacies of Scottish housing, which appear to be very intricate indeed, judging by the serious faces of those few who remained to take part in the debate.

Their Lordships were talking about houses of another kind—public houses in the New Towns, which are to be run by private enterprise and not by the State. Their Opposition Lordships considered this a great shame, and said so. But the Bill passed.

Tuesday, October 21

Lord GIFFORD looked as if he could not care more when, in the

<p>House of Lords: Victory at Trafalgar (Square) House of Commons: At the Pictures</p>	<p>Lords, Lord MUNSTER gave him a pleasing memento of</p>
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Trafalgar Day by announcing that the bronze capital of Nelson's Column and the bronze panels at its base are to be cleaned in time for the Coronation. The Column itself cannot be cleaned without risk of damage to the stone, so it is to stay as it is.

"I take it," said Lord GIFFORD, fairly beaming, "as a modest and second Victory of Trafalgar!"

In the Commons, the Secretary to the Treasury expressed the hope that the first coins of the new reign would be available before the Coronation.

A certain liveliness was noticeable at Question-time, with several of the biggest of the Big Guns in action. Mr. BUTLER had a shot at Mr. SHISWELL, telling him briskly that he had "a quality for oversimplifying subjects and then distorting their meaning." (Practically everybody but Mr. S. seemed to think this a good "crack.")

And then Mr. S. got into a verbal *mêlée* with Mr. CHURCHILL, on the subject of the de-nationalization of transport, which ended with Mr. C.'s assuming one of his very blindest

grins as he leaned across the Table to offer "condolences" on "the result of a recent election."

This perhaps rather "pre-school" reference to the defeat of Mr. S. in the election for the Labour Party's National Executive appeared to please some of the followers of Mr. BEVAN.

Mr. OLIVER LYTTLETON announced that he intended to go to Kenya soon, to examine on the spot the serious situation developing there as a result of the activities of the Mau Mau terrorist organization. The Minister said it had been thought necessary to make many arrests of people suspected of membership of Mau Mau. All would be "screened," and some might be released once the immediate tension had slackened. So serious was the situation that reinforcements of troops had been flown to Kenya—to be held in reserve, for the police were carrying out all the measures so far taken. There was a rumble of cheers as he paid tribute to all ranks of the police force for the calm and

efficient way in which they had carried out their difficult and delicate task.

The terrorism was centrally directed and carefully planned, and everything possible was to be done to bring it to an end. He would talk with the Governor about future plans and about developments in the Colony generally. But "the great bulk" of Africans would have nothing to do with terrorism.

It seems that children can see any sort of film—even those which are alleged to do them so much harm—so long as the film used is not more than 16 mm. and is not "inflammable." Sir DAVID MAXWELL FYFE, the Home Secretary, hastily explained that the inflammability referred to was "material" and not moral, and he asked for the passing of a Bill which would make it possible to exercise some official control over films, whatever their width.

And after a good deal of debate, some of it extremely technical, this curious anomaly of the law was

admitted to be an anomaly, and the Bill was agreed to.

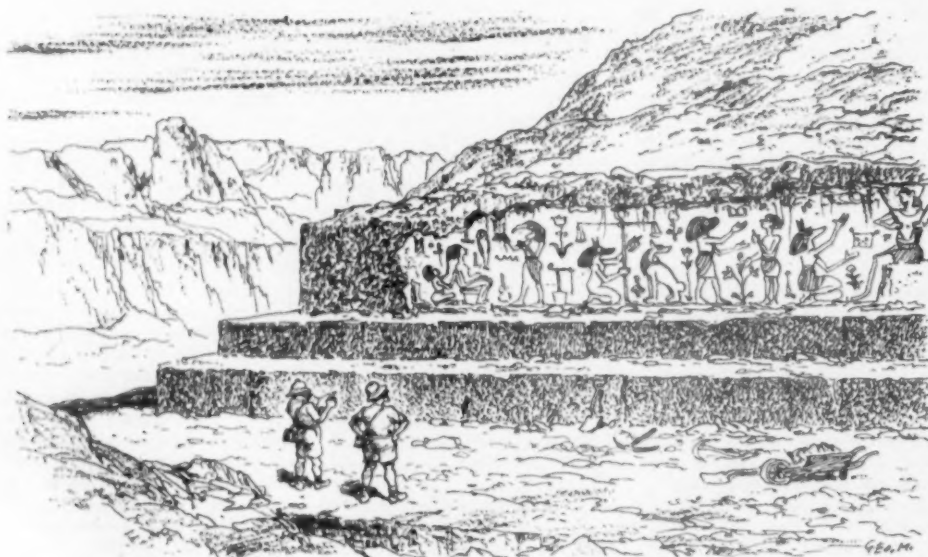
Wednesday, October 22

There was an unmistakable air of "All Quiet on the Western Front"

Both Houses: about the state-
Statements on Korea ments made in
both Houses

on the fighting in Korea. It was a shock to the legislators to learn, for instance, that, at a time when there was reportedly little or nothing "doing," an average of twenty-seven thousand rounds of artillery and mortar fire was being sent by the enemy over the United Nations lines each day.

There was a cheer when Lord ALEXANDER OF TUNIS, in the Lords, mentioned that this activity was "not one-sided," and that the UN forces are holding their own in the very difficult circumstances. But there was a greater cheer still when he added that the Government was doing everything possible to bring the armistice talks to an early and honourable conclusion.



"Maybe the captionless joke is not so recent after all."

AT THE
PLAY

The Apples of Eve (COMEDY)—*Condemned to Live* (THE IRVING)

IMPORTANT note: convalescent mental patients have become convalescent psycho-neurotics. Do not ask me why. It is the kind of bomb that now bursts daily in our vocabulary, without warning from anybody. I liked the patients in question better the other way, which said perfectly clearly everything needing to be said, but it seems to be accepted as an honourable obligation on the English language that it must pay heavily

has been devised all too obviously to this somewhat mechanical end. When the inspector and the doctor have finished with one witness they are obliged to chat thoughtfully about the case until Miss FLORENCE DESMOND has scurried into another dress and another face and is ready for the next interrogation. We therefore get a loosely connected string of individual turns rather than a play, and although we are kept guessing about the identity

of the murderer, which is given us in a neat surprise at the end, the problem is always overshadowed by the chameleon behaviour of Miss DESMOND. Nobody could do better what she does, but I am not convinced that in such a medium it is worth doing at all. The more cleverly she changes her personality, the more the play is bound to suffer; and, apart from one touching sketch of a gallant old lady, I cannot help feeling that she is really

we could hardly have grumbled, in the circumstances; but, in fact, he contrived to cover the play's lack of interest so far as it could humanly be covered. Mr. GEOFFREY KERR backed him faithfully as the Doctor, and there was also a small sketch of a thick-headed policeman, an artless and winning oaf, by Mr. RICHARD PEARSON, that drew laughs and earned them.

While eager to be courteous to a young foreign playwright, and to make all allowances for translation and for a production so makeshift that a few simple changes of scene strung the intervals out interminably, I am obliged to confess that I have seldom spent a less profitable evening than at Mr. STIG DAGERMAN's *Condemned to Live*. It was called "Den Dodsdömde" in Swedish, and I am sure that described it very well. The dazed reactions of a man released from prison, who then commits murder and returns to it, gathered no suspense, and though in desperation one looked feverishly for symbolism, one looked in vain.

Recommended

In *Letter from Paris* (Aldwych) Dodie Smith catches much of Henry James' "The Reverberator." Don't miss the new musical, *Love from Judy* (Saville), and don't forget to *Dial "M" for Murder* (Westminster)

ERIC KEOWN



(*The Apples of Eve*)

Inspector Burnett—Mr. ANTHONY IRELAND
Mrs. Adams—Miss FLORENCE DESMOND
P. C. Potter—Mr. RICHARD PEARSON

for scientific progress. Anyway, by either title these patients have a working majority in Mr. ALLEN BERTHAL's *The Apples of Eve*, where the proprietress of a home has been murdered and removed just before the curtain rises, leaving a police inspector and a doctor trying to make sense of as unreliable a bunch of witnesses as you could find. That the victim heartily deserved her fate is put beyond doubt, and is the most satisfactory thing in a play less pleasing in other respects.

The seven female witnesses are all taken by a single actress, and the play

more at home in her brilliant caricatures of other actresses than in portraying these drab eccentrics. The doubling of two characters for special reasons can be amusing, as in "Ring Round the Moon," but a bracket round seven is a stunt, doomed to failure.

Mr. RICHARD BIRD's production had compensations, however. It seemed to me that Mr. ANTHONY IRELAND deserved every brand of Oscar for his imperturbable Inspector, on whom fell almost the whole burden of continuity. If he had been only conventionally sound,



Condemned Man—
Mr. FREDERICK PEARSON



at the PICTURES



Limelight—The Turning Point

TWICE in the last twelve years, I find, I have begun a notice of a Chaplin film with some deprecating remarks to the effect that of course what I say cannot conceivably affect any reader's attitude, and this is the obvious line to take again. It is undeniable that almost everybody knows, without being told, exactly what to do about *Limelight*; almost everybody, in fact, is quite sure to want to see it. This being so, what can usefully be said about it here? It turns out to be very much as one imagined, except that some of the funny bits are funnier than I expected: the final one in particular, a music-hall turn with BUSTER KEATON as partner, is quite literally the most execratingly funny thing I ever saw in my life. The film as a whole is too long (two and a half hours), but I would sit through the uninspired parts of it again and again for the sake of the unbelievable, shattering comic effect of that scene. Now the story has been carefully arranged, I take it, so that the undertones or overtones of that scene shall enhance its power: the ageing, "finished" comedian is making a spectacular come-back on his benefit night when it is too late, and that is supposed to give the whole episode a sort of emotional depth. But it's pointless to try to add emotional depth there:

the human mind can grasp just so much at once; one might as well try to add to the impressiveness of a charge of dynamite underfoot by making it play a tune as it exploded. Personally I would give all the earnest simple philosophizing for a few more passages in the same key as this and even only half as funny. But Mr. CHAPLIN's later manner demands that ever more and more philosophizing shall be included, and the character he plays here and its place in the story might have been (presumably were) specially designed to give maximum opportunity for it. In anyone else the sentimentousness would be wearisome, but this—though in his room, and against the artificial, theatrically lit backgrounds representing first-war London, he looks superficially like an unremarkable little man—this is still the old CHARLIE, and at every moment, in fleeting facial expressions, in attitudes, above all in incessant by-play with ordinary objects, the old CHARLIE keeps breaking through. I haven't mentioned the sentimentality, which for many has been so powerfully affecting; CLAIRE BLOOM beautifully partners him in putting it over, but somehow—though I'm easily enough moved by such devices as a rule—I found myself watching it with considerable detachment. Well,



[The Turning Point]
A Tough Reporter—WILLIAM HOLDEN

that's enough about *Limelight*; you'll see it.

To *The Turning Point* (Director: WILLIAM DIETERLE) one applies completely different standards, the normal standards of the modern film, which would be quite irrelevant to any work of Mr. CHAPLIN's. By these standards it succeeds very well as a topical or fairly topical crime story made with more than average accomplishment. This is another story (an earlier one was *Hoodlum Empire*) built round a "Crime Committee" like the Kefauver Committee, complete with TV fuss and references to be identified by all who remember the Kefauver sessions. Interest is perpetually maintained in the best way, by sight and natural sound, with hardly any background music or even bridging music. Many details of the story are familiar: the ambush, the investigations by the smart tough reporter, the mutual double-crossing, the missing witness; what satisfies is the freshness of concrete detail in the telling.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Another new one is *L'Amour, Madame*, an entertaining trifle with ARLETTY; and the best of the rest in London are French too—*Casque d'Or* (24/9/52) and *Les Inconnus dans la Maison* (22/10/52), which is in the same programme as *Kon-Tiki*.

The only new release noticed here is the O. Henry group *Full House* (15/10/52), which has good points but doesn't approach the merit of the British Maugham pieces.

RICHARD MALLETT



Calvero—CHARLIE CHAPLIN

[Limelight]



Booking Office



Three Lives Relived

A Man of Law's Tale. Lord Macmillan. Macmillan, 21/-.
Journal and Memories. Viscount Mersey. Murray, 21/-.
Period Piece. Gwen Raverat. Faber, 21/-.

A *Man of Law's Tale* suffers badly from Autobiographer's Blight. The late Lord Macmillan was a genuinely distinguished man, not merely a collector of jobs and honours. He was a leader of the Scottish Bar, a Law Lord and one of the world's leading international lawyers. He ran the financial side of London University and the Pilgrim Trust. He presided over a large number of commissions, all of them important and technical. Yet his account of his life is so flat and lacking in any kind of intellectual distinction that it made me wonder, as I ploughed through it, how the decent, simple soul of very mediocre abilities that it mirrored could possibly have done the work that he actually did. The book contains all the things that such autobiographies do contain: it begins with a little bit about the author's family and ends with lists of kind hosts met in Canada and South America. In between comes a bald account of appointments held, a few funny stories and a scattering of praise for friends and acquaintances. The label "All My Own Work" is not necessarily a recommendation for an autobiography. Lord Macmillan must have had some wonderful raw material, and it is a great pity that he did not get a competent "ghost" to give it literary expression.

Lord Mersey has had a varied career and been near the centre of affairs without being drained of gusto by the responsibility of directing them. His "Picture of Life" had character and charm, and its successor, *Journal and Memories*, is equally readable. He is interested in everything and it all gets jotted down hot and fresh. The result is an extraordinary mixture of out-of-the-way information, good stories and naïve comment. Where Lord Macmillan is platitudinously naïve, Lord Mersey has an individual and colourful naïvety. He writes like one of those eccentric peers who used to be reckoned a national glory.

This volume contains a diary for the last ten years and an unclassifiable collection of miscellanea. For example, there are fifty-eight pages entitled "Notes on History," summarizing ancient history in three pages and including sections on cavalry, longevity and royal mistresses. Something headed "Anthology" begins with some light verse and continues with a list of musical comedies, a reminiscence of Arthur Roberts, a Latin poem by an M.P., five pages of scraps from Greek and Latin and some lines by Lorenzo di Medici. The prose section does contain a few quotations, but most of it is detached comment, anonymous, though presumably by Lord Mersey, e.g. "The Emperor Maximilian (1500) was the last of the Knights. Dürer's portraits of him are probably typical," and "Milton,

Racine and Gray all had a classical education." Only a very stern lover of discipline and relevance would not enjoy this book.

It is perhaps rather unfair to these well-meaning and unambitious volumes to review them together with Mrs. Gwen Raverat's *Period Piece*, which is a very deliberate work of art and will obviously quickly establish itself as a classic. It is an account of growing up in the great Cambridge dynasty of the Darwins. The material is elaborately organized into a wonderfully rich picture of a developing awareness in a static society. It is another attempt to re-create a childhood; but it also, quite deliberately, tries to re-create a period, and succeeds superbly in its double aim.

Mrs. Raverat's illustrations are an important part of her book; after illustrating so many other writers it must have been pleasant to be free to illustrate herself. Her prose style is personal, sensitive, and capable of describing very different things; it modulates from mood to mood subtly and unexpectedly. The humour is very fresh and cunning and funny, and, despite the brilliance of the descriptions of people and manners, it was the humour that I most enjoyed. If oratory is "heightened discourse," *Period Piece* is heightened letter-writing.

R. G. G. PRICE

The Seven Years of William IV. G. M. Trevelyan, O.M. Heinemann, 42/-.

One could hardly imagine history in more fascinating guise than this. Here are more than sixty perfectly reproduced drawings—a generous ten inches by seven—the work of that master of his craft John Doyle, father of *Punch's* Richard Doyle, who behind the cryptic initials HB remained unknown to the exalted personages he most charmingly portrayed. With him political caricature was no more than a mild and



"I believe he's lost—he keeps going round in circles."

friendly exaggeration, even Lord Brougham's incomparable nose being not too roughly handled, while on every one of his sheets there is wit, subtlety and a consistency of characterization remarkable in the days before photography. His subjects are the king and the royal brothers and the circle of politicians who manœuvred and double-crossed in and out of office for or against the passing of the Reform Bill. The great Duke of Wellington figures many times, with Russell, Grey, Melbourne and a robust John Bull already assuming the appearance now familiar. The short accompanying paragraphs say really all it is necessary to know about public affairs of the period. One can read the book in half an hour and delight in it endlessly.

C. C. F.

The Devils of Loudun. Aldous Huxley. *Chatto and Windus*, 18s.

To the narration of the extraordinary story of the diabolic possession (or whatever it may have been) of a whole convent of Ursuline nuns at Loudun in Poitou in the early seventeenth century, with its fantastic and terrible consequences, Mr. Aldous Huxley has brought all the powers of his luminous intelligence, his enormous erudition, his wit and humour and the seductions of his style. He spares his reader no scandalous or nauseating detail: he has fairly wallowed, it might be said, in an historical midden. At the same time he has made his book, which is in some sort a companion piece to "Grey Eminence," a vehicle for the exposition of his personal philosophy, with its theological, psychological and sociological implications. *The Devils of Loudun* is therefore at once a fascinating

if repulsive tale, a titbit for devotees of the more pungent sensationalism, and the confession of faith (or doubt) of one who may perhaps be described as a pessimistic perfectionist. No food for weak stomachs, it is a major work of the most distinguished English literary talent of our time.

F. B.

Incredible New York. Lloyd Morris. *Hamish Hamilton*, 21/-

It is difficult to discover the author's intention in this book. The blurb tells us that "Lloyd Morris transmutes the dull clay of painstaking research into a record as lively as it is authoritative." But research into what? This jaunty review of Lil Ole New York (1850-1952) seems to consist of little more than newspaper headlines, drawing-room scandal, the "Social Register" and theatre programmes; it never digs beneath surface glitter and dross, never interprets, and never adds very much to contemporary reports. We are introduced to thousands of colourful and raffish characters, and we are reminded in word and picture of a century of fashions and foibles; but the parade is non-stop and the pace breathless, and there is no time to ask Why? and How come? Interesting, amusing, shocking—yes; but only as gossip. Every city seems incredible when its surface is raked for sensation, and an even more incredible New York lies buried under all this box-office excitement. A. B. H.

SHORTER NOTES

Tallulah. Tallulah Bankhead. *Gollancz*, 16/- . Smash hit that will attract not only gossip-column fans, but everyone who enjoys vivacity and character in writing. Despite a few irritating mannerisms of style, the tempestuous authoress has written an autobiography that should live as a book and not merely float for a time on its writer's news-value. Fascinating picture of England and U.S.A. from a slightly specialized angle. Miss Bankhead explains, among much, much else, that she was not deported from England and never became a dope-fiend. She hints that only good taste restrains her from being really indiscreet. A most enjoyable, preposterous and, in some odd way, brilliant book.

A Pattern of Islands. Arthur Grimble. *John Murray*, 18/- . Sir Arthur Grimble has already made his name as a B.B.C. raconteur. His experiences as a young colonial administrator in the Gilbert and Ellice Islands read as well as they sound. Much interesting anthropological detail that gains by being strictly subordinated to the telling of tales. Novel material beautifully presented.

The Path by the Window. Adrian Bell. *The Bodley Head*, 9/6. As candlelight to a blaze of electricity, so is Mr. Bell's life to the burly-burly that does duty for most of us. The gentle glow of its "poised and viable flame" illuminates the countryman's round in this engaging book, which combines penetrating observation with kindly humour.

The Concerto. Edited by Ralph Hill. *Penguin Books*, 3/6. A symposium, companion to *The Symphony*. The analyses it contains of nearly a hundred concerti are first-class aids to, but not substitutes for, study of the actual scores; for how many listeners can, in fact, recognize a "modulation to C sharp minor," let alone a twelve-note tone-row, with the naked ear?

Breaking Point. Robin King. *Arthur Barker*, 12/6. An old formula in a new and exciting setting. Five airmen are herded into a remarkable radio station on a mountain peak in Sicily, and the resultant friction and atmospherics come well up to expectations. Brightly written, good characterization and plenty of suspense.

The Black City. M. F. Caulfield. *Cape*, 12/6. Novel about Protestant-Catholic tensions and I.R.A. activity in "the black city" (it is never named) in Ulster. At first the range is rather self-consciously wide, though all the episodes are done with skill, but the violent-action narrative of the second half of the book is first-class.



Hollowood

RETURN TO THE RIVER

WHITE drove his car over the narrow bridge and on to the grassy verge, parked it beside a barbed-wire fence and switched off the engine. Torrential rain stormed against the windscreen. He got out and hurried round to the boot, extracting from it a shapeless felt hat and a short mackintosh coat. Hopping from foot to foot he pulled on thigh-length waders, heavy socks and brogues. He slung a fishing bag over his shoulders, clipped a collapsible landing-net to its supporting strap, and put together a two-piece rod. He fumbled for his keys with fingers already wet and cold, locked the car, and turned to negotiate the fence. Balanced precariously astride the top strand of wire, he noticed that the meshes of his landing-net had become entangled in the barbs. As he gingerly pulled at the soaking string a furious gust of wind blew his hat from his head. It rolled drunkenly under the car. The rain fell in torrents. "H'm," he said.

He unhooked the net from its strap and left it dangling on the wire as he climbed heavily down and retrieved his hat. Seizing it by the brim with both hands, he forced it on to his ears until his head was gripped as though by a vice. He faced the fence once more, and this time succeeded in negotiating it without mishap. He was now in a waterlogged field, separated from the river by yet another fence. He squelched doggedly towards it, bowing his head to the gale, the rain drumming furiously against the crown of his hat. The bottom strand of this fence being a little more than a foot from the ground, he decided to creep beneath it on hands and knees. Lowering himself into a prone position, he moved sinuously forward through the wet grass, moving his face from side to side so as to avoid the largest of the thistles. After a short pause to free his mackintosh from a barb, he was able to rise to his feet and face the river. "Now for it," he muttered. A cocoa-coloured flood swept sullenly

between the banks. "Spinning," he said dubiously.

He withdrew from a pocket of his fishing bag a reel, fitted with a thread-like line. He had no great faith in this apparatus and seldom used it. Nevertheless, it was the only thing of the kind that he possessed, and he fitted it to his rod and pulled the flimsy line through the rings. He took from his bag a flat tobacco tin, opened it, and balanced it on top of a fence post. As he was examining its contents a gust of wind hurled it to the ground. He raised his eyes to the watery sky. "All the spoons and minnows have fallen in the wet grass," he said quietly, adding, as an afterthought, "—! —! —!" Four of the lures were found almost immediately, but the fifth had to be retrieved from a rabbit-hole by the aid of an electric torch and the handle of the landing-net, while the sixth had been blown so far as to necessitate another wriggle under the fence. At last a spoon-like contrivance, gold on one side and silver on the other, was knotted to a length of gut and attached to the line. "Now for it," he muttered again, as he scrambled down the slippery bank and waded into the thick brown flood. An icy trickle immediately invaded his left wader. Looking down, he saw that its fastener had not been secured to the button at the waistband of his trousers. The wader was drooping baggily round his knee and gulping muddy water. Tucking his rod under one arm, he brought both numbed hands to the task of fastening it securely. The rain lashed down, and the wind jingled the savagely-hooked spoon menacingly round his hat.

At last he was ready to begin. He drew his rod back with an easy motion and hurled his spoon, with a smooth, powerful cast, high into the branches of an alder on the opposite bank. A watery gleam of sun flashed brassily on the lure as it tossed among the twigs like some fabulous fruit. He jiggled his rod meditatively for a moment, then



lowered it to a horizontal position, turned, and waded steadfastly towards the bank. Behind him the line parted with a whip-like crack.

An hour later, some distance downstream, he was attempting to free the last of his lures from the bed of the river when some six feet of line leapt from the reel and sprang as though by enchantment into a tangled ball about the size of a walnut. "That's that," he said. He began to wade towards the bank, but stopped immediately as the suddenly deepening bottom slopped a generous pint of icy water into his right wader. "Tek, tek," he said. He faced upstream, and painfully made his way to a point from which he could reach the side more comfortably. A sudden hail squall battered his face briskly as he fought his way into the meagre shelter of a small sycamore.

Mounting a fly reel on his rod, he produced a flat, cardboard box and removed the lid. A number of

square, transparent envelopes fluttered out and were immediately swept away by the wind. Jabbing his thumb fiercely over the remainder, he stood for some moments as though in meditation. "——!" he said at last. With infinite care he examined the rest of the envelopes, finally drawing from one of them a stout cast to which two large bright flies were attached. This he knotted to his line.

The wind was now blowing with immense force. His first cast fell in coils around his feet, and his second was followed by a smart blow on his hat and a vicious tug. Baring his head to the rain-filled blast, he found that his tail fly was firmly fixed in the pulpy felt. He slid the butt of his rod down his left wader, took out a penknife, and succeeded after two minutes of vicious jabbing and hacking, in freeing the hook. Replacing his mangled hat, and ignoring a steady trickle of rain that leaked through the hole in the crown on to his already saturated

hair, he at last had the satisfaction of making a long, straight cast. The flies swept round like lightning and trailed hopelessly on the surface of the flood. He fished doggedly on.

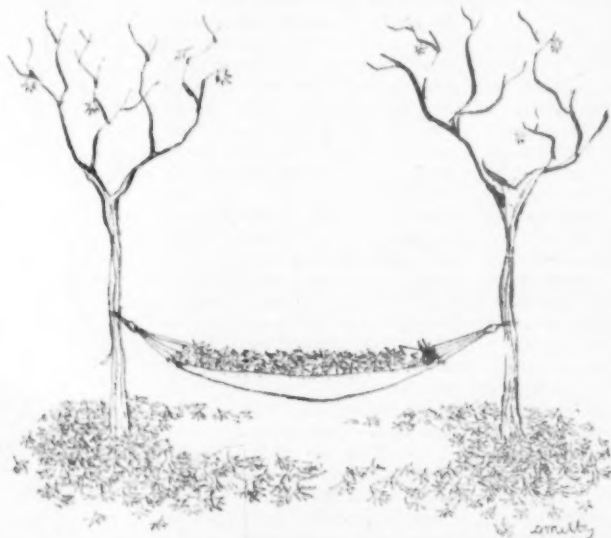
Two hours later he shut the door of his car on the darkening autumn evening, the pouring rain, and the wind that whooped and moaned under the bridge. "Phew!" he gasped, staring bemusedly at an iodine-coloured stream of water that dropped steadily from the brim of his hat on to his recently-cleaned flannel trousers. In one wet hand he grasped a bottle of beer. With the other he searched his jacket pocket for the opener. It was not there.

* * * * *

When he returned to his hotel, White was asked whether he had had any luck.

"No," he replied. "Never had a touch. Everything seemed completely dead. Nice, though," he added, "to have a last day on the river."

T. S. WATT

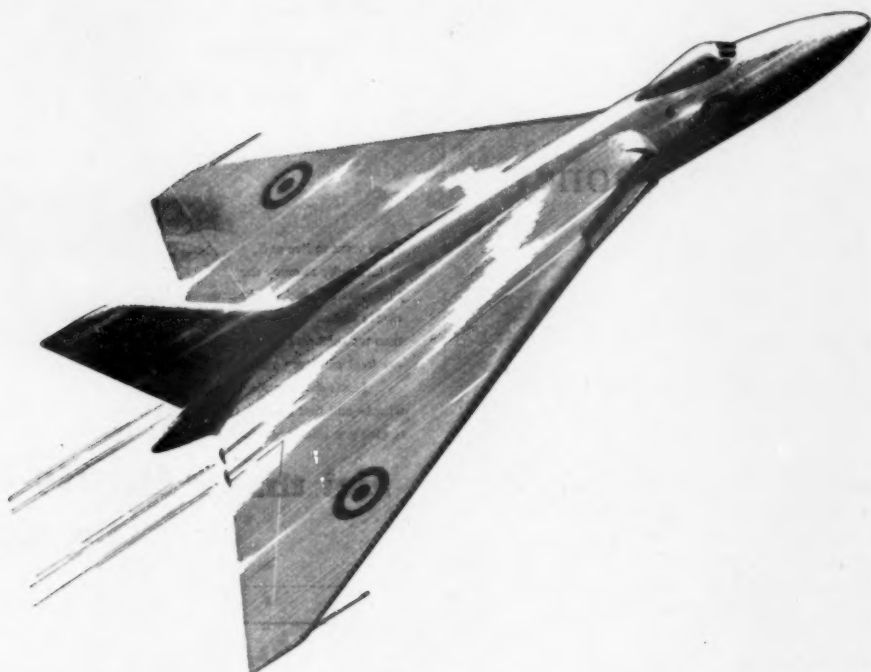


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Printed at the G.F.O. as a Newspaper. Entered as 2nd-class Bulk Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O., 1905. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Ireland 2d.; Canada 1d.; Foreign Overseas 3d. SUBSCRIPTION RATES—Yearly, including Extra Numbers and Postage: Ireland 30s.; Overseas 36s. U.S.A. \$5.25; Canada 24s. or \$5.00.





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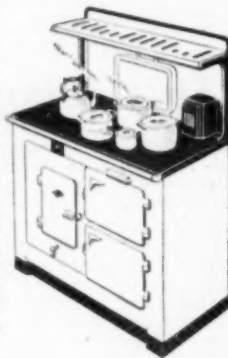


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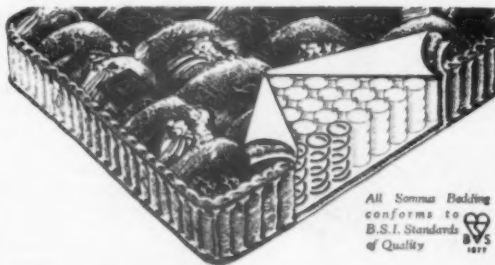


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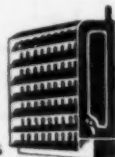
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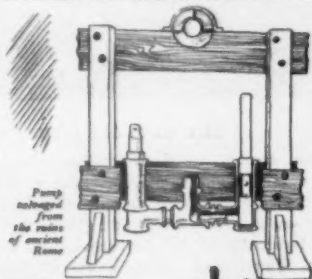
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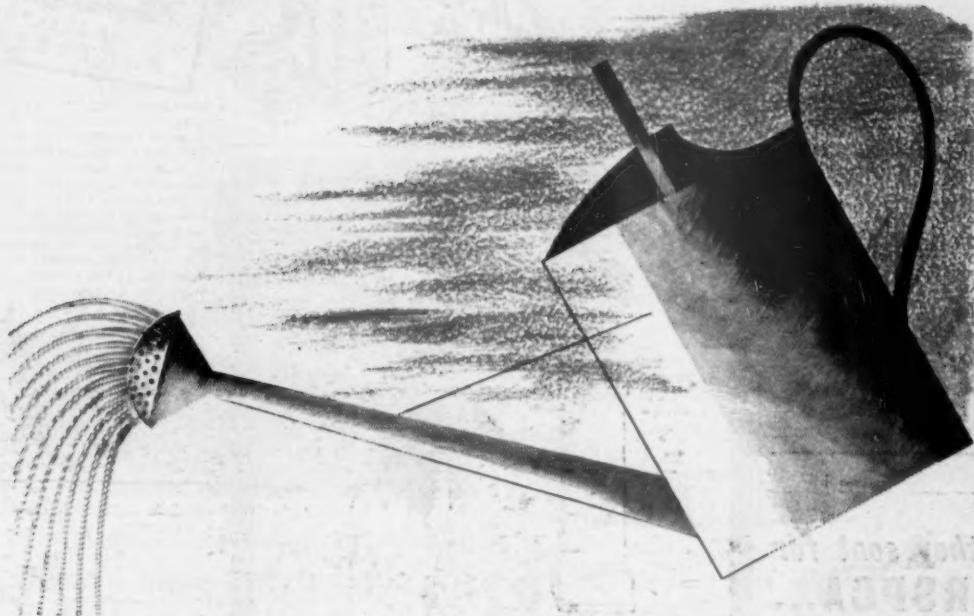
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TYPE OF COMMISSION	BRANCH	AGE LIMITS	EDUCATIONAL STANDARD
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	Technical	17-19½	G.C.E. (Advanced Level)
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SHORT SERVICE	General Duties (Flying) Technical	17½-26 17½-27	G.C.E. Higher National Certificate
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Printed in England by Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Limited, at 15-25, Phoenix Place, Mount Pleasant, W.C.1. and published by them weekly with one additional summer issue and one additional winter issue, at 10, Boulevard Street, London, E.C.4—WEDNESDAY, October 29, 1952

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